

HEIGH JOHN! HO JOHN!

"HAVE you been to Austria, heigh John, ho John?"

Have you been to Austria, ho?"

"To Austria I've been to a city they call *Wien*,
Where we sat down a dozen in a row,
We sat down a dozen in a row."

"And who were the company, heigh John, ho John?"

Who were the company, ho?"

"There were Drouyn de Lhuys, Prince Gortschakoff, and *me*—

My grammar here for rhyme's sake I forego,
My grammar here for rhyme's sake I forego."

"But you were not the only ones, John, heigh John, ho John?"

You were not the only ones, ho?"

"No, surely 'twould be cruel if I should forget
Count Buol
And De Titoff (which we English call *Tito*),
De Titoff (which we English call *Tito*)."

"Go on with the list, Johnny, heigh John, ho John—

Go on with the list, Johnny, ho."

"Well of course I mustn't burke all mention of
the Turk,
Who in long-tail'd coat and fez look'd rather low,
Who in long-tail'd coat and fez look'd rather low."

"But tell us what you did, Johnny, heigh John, ho John—

Tell us what you did, Johnny, ho."

"Well, I tried to make some speeches in the
tongue de Porquet teaches,
But my colleagues seem'd to think them rather slow,
My colleagues seem'd to think them rather slow."

"But speeches don't make treaties. Johnny, heigh John, ho John,

Speeches don't make treaties. Johnny, ho."

"No, for when I spoke of Somers to those
wretched German *dummers*,
They only shrugged their shoulders and said
'So,'

They only shrugged their shoulders and said 'So.'"

"Is it true you went to mass, Johnny, heigh John, ho John?"

Is it true you went to mass, Johnny, ho?"

"Yes, I went to mass and knuckled; some will
say I basely truckled,
And great Cumming will denounce me as a
foe,

Dr. Cumming will denounce me as a foe."

"Don't you think 'twas rather mean, Johnny, heigh John, ho John?"

Don't you think 'twas rather mean, Johnny, ho?"

For a man of your connections to be making genuflexions

And performing in a Popish puppet show,

Performing in a Popish puppet-show?"

"You have done us little credit, Johnny, heigh John, ho John,

You have done us little credit, Johnny ho—

With your meek compliant graces, and your affable grimaces,

Such as England's statesmen were not wont to show,

Such as England's statesmen were not wont to show."

"And now you have come back to us, heigh John, ho John,

Now you have come back to us, ho—

Having miserably failed and nought at all availed,

Oh, I fear, John, you're a sorry Plenipo,

I fear, John, you're a sorry Plenipo."

The Press.

THE GREAT WANT OF THE AGE—

ILL-DRESSED GOVERNMENT CLERKS.

The aspiring young fry of goosequills, with "stiff collars," who never condescend to answer a question,—(Mr. Francis Bennoch's Speech at the Meeting of the Society for Administrative Reform) Times, May 7th, 1855.

THE "Great Topsy Turvy Association,

For effecting a general alteration

In every part of our Administration,"

WANTS some ill-looking youths, of dirty complexions,

With good business habits, and bad connections,

For the (possibly) vacant elastic boots

Of juniors Yawhaw, Heehaw, and Toots.

Clean-looking young men can *not* be admitted;

A preference given to visages pitted

With small pox, and snub or turn-up proboscises—

No defect thought a bar, except ocular losses.

No Cambridge or Oxford men need apply,

Save those who've been "plucked," or didn't try."

In short, it requires—in plain English to speak—

Something two-thirds a snob, and one-third a sneak.

For the better performance of work the Society

Intends to abolish the idle variety

Now affected in dress by the junior "fry;"

Who strangely neglect good old fashions gone by,

And sport ev'ry thing novel in collar and tie,

Disgusting immensely the "business eye."

Which is very much duller
To beauty of color,
Than the optic "arrangements" of beetle or fly.

It proposes to start, for *redressing* these ills,
"A Reform of the Juniors' Tailors' Bills"—
And, to check any future *ecrisioral* enormity,
Has drawn up these hints towards "A New Uniformity:"—

"Coat—a black swallow-tail, tight cuffs, twenty years old ;

"Vest—black satin, close-buttoned, with the collar call'd 'rolled ;'

"Black, or dark Oxford mixture, 'continuations,'

"*Strapp'd* down, in defiance of late innovations,
"Over high-lows, displaying *gray* worsted socks.

"The throat to be cased in the stiffest of stocks ;

"Not a vestige allow'd of collar or front,

"On pain of forfeiting half a day's 'blunt.'

"The hat, a Perrin's Light Seven and-six ;

"No canes permitted, but stout oak sticks ;

"And, to add to this lengthy description the 'tag,'

"Each junior must carry a *heavy blue bag*."

It is humbly submitted that youths, thus encas'd

In vestments devoid of fashion and taste,

As *working* clerks, will be vastly superior

To those of a more prepossessing exterior ;

And, though the Society's fain to own,

That none of its speakers yet has shown

The objections, upon *industrial* grounds,

To the species of collars call'd "all rounds ;"

Nor prov'd that Intellect's so-called "March"

Tends to abolish the use of starch ;

Nor yet that he who follows the rule

Prescribed by fashion must be a fool,

Or a greater fool than the man who defies

What's *pro tempore* in most people's eyes ;

Yet, out of its love for innovations,

It feels bound to propose the above altera-

tions,

And, in matter of coat, collar, neck-tie, and

vest,

For once the East-end will give laws to the

West ! *The Press.*

From The Athenæum.

GOING HOME.

We said that the days were evil,

We felt that they might be few,

For low was our fortune's level,

And heavy the winters grew ;

But one who had no possession

Looked up to the azure come,

And said in his simple fashion,

"Dear friends, we are going home !

"This world is the same dull market

That wearied its earliest sage ;

The times to the wise are dark yet,

But so hath been many an age.

And rich grow the toiling nations,

And red grow the battle spears,

And dreary with desolations

Roll onward the laden years.

"What need of the changeless story

Which time hath so often told,

The spectre that follows glory,

The canker that comes with gold,—

That wisdom, and strength, and honor

Must fade like the far sea foam,

And death is the only winner !—

But, friends, we are going home !

"The homes we had hoped to rest in

Were open to sin and strife,

The dreams that our youth was blest in

Were not for the wear of life ;

For care can darken the cottage,

As well as the palace hearth,

And birthrights are sold for pottage,

But never redeemed on earth.

"The springs have gone by in sorrow,

The summers were grieved away,

And ever we feared to-morrow,

And ever we blamed to-day.

In depths which the searcher sounded,

On hills which the high heart clomb,

Have trouble and toil abounded :—

But, friends, we are going home !

"Our faith was the bravest builder,

But found not a stone of trust ;

Our love was the fairest gilder,

But lavished its wealth on dust.

And time hath the fabric shaken,

And fortune the clay hath shown,

For much they have changed and taken,

But nothing that was our own.

"The light that to us made baser

The paths which so many choose,

The gifts there was found no place for,

The riches we could not use ;

The heart that when life was wintry

Found summer in strain and tome,

With these to our kin and country :—

Dear friends, we are going home !"

London, 1855.

FRANCES BROWN.

TELEGRAPHIC MESSAGES.

I beg to inform the hon. gentleman that the telegraph to the Crimea is open, and that the First Lord of the Admiralty received messages by it to-day and yesterday. Those messages do not contain any news from the Crimea, but simply announce that the telegraphy is opened.—*Lord Palmerston*, House of Commons, April 26.

To-day I have received a telegraphic message, stating that there was no news to communicate. *Sir C. Wood*, *ibid.*

It is stated that the Government have been unable to make out the cipher in which the messages from the Crimea were sent.—*Daily Papers*. All we know is that we know nothing.—*So-crates*.

Cipher : zero, nothing.—*Johnson's Dictionary*.

Ex nihilo nihil fit.—*Scholastic Axiom*.

"Ex nihilo !" were it not better read "pro ?"

"Pro nihilo nihil is fit," which would show

That Cipher's the guise in which Nothing should come,

From the Ciphers abroad to the Ciphers at home.—*The Press*.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS.

"ENGLAND and Scotland! those countries whose literature has operated so powerfully on my whole mental development; those countries where I now count many leniently-judging friends, and to which my heart has become strongly attached, I knew and loved those countries before my feet trod them. With Marryat's 'Jacob Faithful' I had long sailed up the Thames; by Dickens I was led into London's narrow lanes, and I listened to the throbbing hearts there; and in 'Night and Morning,' Bulwer opened to my gaze the rich landscape, with its towns, its churches, and its villages. I was at home on Scotland's mountains, and familiar with its deep lakes, lonely paths, and ancient castles. Walter Scott's genius had wafted me thither; Walter Scott's beneficent hand had extended to me the spiritual bread and wine, so that I forgot the earthly. I was intimate with Shakspeare's land and Burns's mountains before my corporeal eye beheld them; and when at length I visited them, I was not received as a stranger. Kind eyes regarded me—friends extended the hand to me. Elevated and humbled at the same time with so much happiness, my heart swelled with gratitude to God."

Thus writes Hans Christian Andersen, the Danish poet, novelist, and traveller. Who does not know a little of him? And who that knows a little does not desire to know more? He may not inappropriately be designated the living Goldsmith of Scandinavia (though very superior to Goldsmith in prudential virtues,) and he is as warmly beloved by all who know him personally, as ever our own "poor dear Goldy" was. We purpose endeavoring to convey a fair idea of this remarkable son of genius both as a writer and a man—first saying a few words concerning modern Danish literature, which, up to the beginning of the present century, was very limited in extent, and possessed little of value, excepting the fine old *sagas*, and popular ballads and hymns. The Danes were formerly content with the translated writings of other nations, especially of Germany. During the last fifty years, however, they have proved themselves to possess literary genius of the very highest order, particularly in the flowery walks of imagination. Several Danish authors have obtained more than European fame. Of these, Adam Oehlenschläger, the Shakspeare of the North, is decidedly the greatest dramatic genius Scandinavia has ever produced; and Hans Christian Andersen is the most eminent writer of prose fiction of a highly poetical, strikingly original, and delightful kind, as well as of short sweet lyrics and longer poems and dra-

mas, the latter chiefly vaudevilles. Many other living Danish authors are men of very great talent, of whom any country might be proud, and their productions are generally pervaded by a fresh and healthy spirit, and characterized by national feelings. Denmark is, indeed, an intellectual kingdom, and as all the people are more or less educated, and partial to reading, we need not marvel at the comparatively large supply of mental food prepared for them. The remuneration acquired even by the most popular Danish writers is of the smallest—nor can it well be otherwise, for Denmark Proper contains only one million and a-half of inhabitants, and German is the language of the Duchies. But the crown, or government, aids to bring out valuable scientific and other works, and munificently recognizes the claims of literature and art, by granting *stipendia* to enable youthful students to travel abroad for improvement for a term of years. It also gives pensions to authors, painters, sculptors, and scientific men, of acknowledged merit, besides appointing them to professorships, etc. But for this fostering care on the part of the parent state, few of its children of genius could possibly exist by the mere exercise of their intellectual gifts. Would that our own mighty country condescended to follow the example of poor little Denmark in these matters! Altogether, the existing current literature of Denmark is such as reflects the highest honor on the nation, and there is every promise that it will steadily improve in all departments.

Turn we now to our special task. The writings of Andersen are a faithful reflex of his own nature; the incidents introduced in his novels are very frequently passages of his own life; and his books of travel are mainly episodes of his adventures and personal experiences and feelings, rather than descriptions of the countries visited. This being the case, we cannot separate the man from the author, but must interweave our biographical sketch with notices of his works in their chronological order. The story of his life reads almost like one of his own fairy-tales—with the advantage of being true! Well has he himself exclaimed (writing in 1846,) "The story of my life, up to the present moment, lies unrolled before me—so rich and beautiful, I could not invent it. I feel that I am a child of good fortune; almost all meet me candid and full of love; seldom has my confidence in mankind been deceived. From the prince down to the poorest peasant, I have felt the noble heart of man beat. It is a delight to live, to believe in God and man!"

The father of Andersen was a shoemaker at Odensee, the chief town of the island of Funen, and was a man of a brooding melancholy disposition—probably not quite free

from the taint of insanity, although his son declares him to have been highly gifted, and of a poetical turn of mind. He actually constructed the frame of his bridal bed out of the pedestal or supports of a Count's coffin, and upon this bed was born the only child of the young couple, Hans Christian Andersen, on the 2nd April, 1805. The poet himself thus graphically alludes to this singular fact:—"Instead of the noble corpse, surrounded by crape and chandeliers, there lay here, on the 2nd April, 1805, a living, weeping child—that was myself. . . . I cried on, even in the church when I was being baptized, so that the preacher, who was a passionate man, said, 'The younker screams like a cat!' which words my mother could never forget!" Somebody consoled her at the time by the saying that the louder he cried as a child, the more pleasingly would he sing as he grew older. Prophetic words they proved!

From his very infancy Andersen evinced a painfully sensitive disposition, and was a timid, dreamy child. There was ever something "eerie" about him, and that his friends well knew. He has himself most minutely depicted his own childish character under the name of Christian, in "Only a Fiddler." Poetry, superstition, and strong religious impulses swayed his peculiar mind to and fro, as the breeze bends the tender sapling. His father would take him on lonely rambles, and read poetry to him, or make him doll's theatres and other playthings. At length the father yielded to his restless love of wandering, by enlisting as a private soldier, indulging at the same time in a wild notion, that he should soon earn promotion and glory. He only reached Holstein before the peace was concluded, and he was then dismissed to his home, where he soon afterwards died. His widow (who, by-the-way, subsequently married again) and child were now reduced to great straits, and the education poor little Hans received was of a meagre description. The embryo poet, nevertheless, felt the stirrings of genius within him, and actually wrote comedies and tragedies! Ridicule and derision was his lot; everybody jeered and flaunted at him, and his sensitive soul shrank within him. Meanwhile it became necessary that he should, if possible, earn his livelihood, and he was sent to a manufactory, where he for a while was tolerably well treated, as he could amuse the workmen by singing in a voice of great sweetness and pathos. Soon, however, they treated him with rudeness, and he ran away from them to return no more.

His love of theatrical performances grew to be an absorbing passion. He used to play Shakspeare's "King Lear," etc., in his own little puppet theatre, and by hanging about the play-house at Odensee, when the Copen-

hagen actors came there, he managed to get admitted and to be employed in mute parts, and occasionally to sing in the choruses. He was about this time noticed and encouraged by Colonel Guldberg and one or two other persons of some standing, but they do not seem to have conferred on him any substantial marks of patronage. Yet the mere word of kindness from such people was to Andersen a more than recompense for all the sneers and ironical remarks that beset him on every side. All that he felt and suffered—all his fervid yearnings after fame and distinction—all his pursuits, joys, hopes, and fears, at this period of his life, he has depicted in burning language in "Only a Fiddler."

The time arrived for his confirmation, and an old female tailor made him his coat for the occasion of the material of his deceased father's clothes; and he also got a pair of boots for the first time in his life. So delighted was he, that he could think of nothing else but of these acquisitions all the time in church. And now came the great epoch—the starting-point in his life. He had managed to save the sum of thirteen rix-dollars (nearly 30s.) and he implored his mother to permit him to set off for Copenhagen, to obtain an engagement on the stage, or to become in some way or other great and famous. His mother consulted a fortune-teller, who predicted that the boy would become so great a man, that Odensee would be illuminated in his honor, and thereupon he was permitted to have his way. Accordingly, with his little hoard of money, and a letter of introduction to Madame Schall, an opera-dancer, he set off for the capital, and arrived there on the 5th September, 1819, just at the time when the Jewish riots were raging. Here he was at last! only fourteen years of age, far away from home and kindred, in a strange city, and without knowing a single individual in it. He first visited the Theatre Royal, and then presented his letter of introduction, but the *danseuse* professed not even to know the person who had written it. The young stranger astonished and startled her by his extraordinary demeanor and statements. He informed her that he wished to perform on the stage, and that the part he preferred to appear in would be Cinderella! He then pulled off his boots, and using his hat for a tambourine, began to sing and caper about the room, so that the lady was convinced he must be insane, and she forthwith dismissed him. He next went to the manager of the Theatre Royal, who declined to engage him, on the plea (doubtless very true in itself) that he was too thin!

His money was soon exhausted, and in despair he answered the advertisement of a carpenter who required an apprentice. The man was inclined to receive him, but first sent

him to the workshop on liking. One single half-day quite sufficed to convince the tremblingly sensitive boy that the life of a carpenter was not for him. The workmen frightened and disgusted him, and planing boards was not exactly the sort of occupation to suit an exquisitely poetical temperament. Remembering his vocal powers, he now waited on Professor Liboni, who happened to have Weyse the composer, and Baggesen the poet, and other friends, to dinner. Poor Hans sang and performed to them, and then burst into tears. They pitied him, and predicted there was good stuff in him. Weyse collected for him seventy dollars, and Siboni gave him vocal instruction, but his voice quickly broke. A number of eminent people patronized him, and he was taught his own language better—for hitherto he knew it very imperfectly. Finally, he became a pupil at the theatre, and wrote some dramas for it, but they were rejected on account of their immaturity.

A director of the theatre, named Collin, was struck by the traces of genius in these productions, and he at once took Andersen by the hand, and, as the latter emphatically declares, became henceforth a father to him. Councillor Collin obtained for his *protege* free education in the Latin school at Slagelse. Here Andersen was unfortunately quite unappreciated by the rector, who thought him a stupid, idle student. He certainly was neither stupid nor idle, but one can well believe that he did not exhibit that pliant alacrity to learn by rote which immeasurably less gifted youths frequently evince. And how many literary men whose fame fills the world have been misunderstood, and set down as dullards by the pedants who educated them! Of this number were Newton, Dryden, Cowper, Swift, Johnson, Goldsmith, Walter Scott, and Chalmers. But the stern rector literally behaved with downright cruelty towards the poor orphan student, and when his noble-minded benefactor, Collin, heard of this, he at once removed him from the school. At leaving, Andersen thanked the rector for whatever degree of kindness he had experienced; but the savage man, in reply, cursed him, saying that he would never be a student, that his verses would rot in the booksellers' shops, and that he would die in a mad-house! When Andersen heard this brutal prediction, he tells us that his soul shuddered. The rector afterwards, when Andersen had gloriously vindicated himself from the aspersions of inability, was candid enough to confess to his former pupil that he had been mistaken.

Councillor Collin then provided him with private tutors, and a year subsequently he passed a satisfactory examination. We were informed, when at Copenhagen, that Andersen now holds rank as an honorary profes-

sor of the university of that city. About this period he wrote a poem entitled, "The Dying Child," which attracted considerable notice, and of which he yet thinks very highly. His first work of size was written in his twenty-fourth year, entitled "A Pedestrian Journey from Holmen's Canal to Amack." The canal in question is in Copenhagen, and Amack, or Amager, is a remarkable island joined to the city by long bridges. It is a small work, chiefly in rhyme, and is of a humorous and somewhat satirical nature. It took the public by storm, although it was not all published at once, and thenceforth the young author became a man of some note. He himself tells us that the extraordinary success of this little work intoxicated him with joy. He felt that he had fairly broken the ice, and all misgivings as to his own powers now vanished forever. In 1829 he produced the vaudeville called "Love on St. Nicholas's Tower." This was performed at the theatre, and received immense applause, especially from his fellow-students of the university. In 1830, his first collection of poems was published, and met at once with the most decided success. Everybody was delighted with the freshness, the originality, the tender sentiment, the genial humor, the charming style, that pervaded them. In this collection, also, appeared the first specimens of his "Prosaic Popular Stories," and well did they assert their claim to the title. The same year (1830) he made a tour in the Danish provinces, especially in his native isle of Funen. In the course of this journey it was that he for the first, and (as a Danish lady, who is an intimate friend of his, told us), for the last time, fell in love! In his autobiography occurs a deeply touching episode, descriptive of this event. He says there that—

"Two brown eyes my sight perceived—
There lay my world, my home, my bliss."

Further, he tells us that—"New plans of life engrossed my thoughts. I desired to give up writing verses—whereto could it lead? I desired to study, in order to become a preacher. I had but one thought, and that was *she*. But it was self-delusion; she loved another—she wedded him. It was only several years after that I admitted and felt it was best, as well for her as for myself. She probably never for a moment anticipated how deeply my feelings were involved—what an effect they had produced on me. She has become the excellent wife of a good man; a happy mother also. God's blessing be on her!"

A new collection of poems, entitled "Fancies and Sketches," was the result of this journey, and in them we find deep traces of the melancholy which a while possessed him, consequent on his misplaced love affair. In 1831

he travelled in Germany, especially in Saxony, the Hartz mountains, etc. On his return he wrote a book, entitled "Skygge-billeder"—literally "Shadow-Pictures,"—but translated by Beckwith into English, under the more appreciable title of "Rambles in the Romantic Regions of the Hartz Mountains. On this tour he made the acquaintance of Chamisso, Tieck, and other celebrated men, who soon called upon all Germany to admit the genius of the young Dane. After this, he seems to have frittered away his time in writing words for operas and other theatrical drudgery, in order, poor fellow, to eke out a living! He, however, produced a poem of great power and ability, entitled "The Twelve Months of the Year 1833;" but this as well as all his other writings were now attacked with bitter hostility by Hurtz, Molbeck, and other Danish critics. So persevering and undisguisedly personal became this persecution that Andersen was almost broken-hearted. It seemed as though he was to realize in all its sadness, the truth of the wise saying, that a prophet is never honored in his own country. Indeed it was not until Germany and Sweden hailed his writings with acclamation, that the majority of the Danes began to reluctantly admit that he indeed was a distinguished ornament to the literature of his country. To this day, as we personally know, some of his countrymen speak contemptuously of Andersen as a merely lively writer of books to please children! Ay, but children of ages varying from four to fourscore! His own account of his mental distress and despair, arising from this unjust and cruel treatment during his early struggles to make himself known is exceedingly painful, and we gladly pass it over without further comment.

In 1833, Andersen and Hurtz (his most relentless literary foe) both obtained stipends to travel. The former went first to Paris, and thence to Switzerland and Italy. At Rome he met Hurtz, and it is very pleasing to learn that on this distant foreign soil they mutually forgot and forgave, and became attached friends. Here, also, Andersen became acquainted with his great countryman, Thorvaldsen, the sculptor, and an intimate friendship ensued, which ended only with the death of the latter. At heart Andersen is emphatically a child of the sunny South, and he drank deep draughts of poetic inspiration from the wonders of nature and art in this land of his early dreams. No marvel, therefore, that on his return he produced that wonderful work, "the Improvisatore." Here his temperament found vent, and we are presented with a book which, for rich and brilliant word-painting, has not its equal in the whole range of literature. Italy in body and soul is evoked, and passes before our vision as clearly, as truthfully, as captivately, as though we were literally amid and beheld

the scenes and people depicted. "I am a poet!" is the exulting exclamation of the Dane, as he stands on the brink of Vesuvius, and well indeed does he prove the truth of his boast. The fervid glow pervading this book is indescribable. It is a perfect treasury of enthusiasm—of prose-poetry—of exquisite sensibility—of luxuriant imagination—of unchecked delight in all around. Its success was prodigious, and in Denmark it did much to turn the current in his favor. One important result of its publication was, that the then prime minister was so pleased with it, that he waited personally on Andersen, and after delicately enquiring into his pecuniary resources, obtained from King Frederick VI. a pension for the poet of 200 rix dollars (£22 10s) per annum. To Andersen this comparatively small annuity (which has since been increased) was a source of future independence. He felt that in case of sickness, as he himself says, he had something certain to fall back upon, and he would not be obliged to waste his genius in paltry labors for the sake of present subsistence. People of high rank now began to emulously invite the rising author into their family circles, and his grateful and pious spirit expanded with joy and love towards God and man. Moreover, the "Improvisatore" was the first work that introduced Andersen to the British public—a translation, by Mary Howitt, appearing in 1845, (we believe), and almost simultaneously another English translator published his "Only a Fiddler."

Subsequently, in 1835, appeared the first series of Andersen's "Eventyr"—of which "Fairy Tales" is the nearest equivalent, although not precisely correct. These "Eventyr" have from the first met with universal favor. They have appeared under different titles in many languages, and the author yet continues the series from time to time. He, in fact, is quite unrivalled for power in riveting the attention of children by his fascinating little stories. He himself says that "children are most amused with new expressions, and being spoken to in an unusual manner." This, however, would by no means explain satisfactorily the secret of the power of charming them. We rather would attribute it to the soul of goodness that shines in such a transparent manner through all that he writes.—Children are acute critics in these matters. They can intuitively distinguish between tinsel and pure gold—between simulated sensibility and goodness, and the genuine thing.—Then his style is so genial, so winning; his words are so happily chosen, that every sentence is a picture instinct with life. Yes, Andersen is the prince of fairy lore and storytelling, in the estimation of children of every growth. Of his personal love of children we shall have occasion to speak hereafter.

In 1836 he published "O. T., or Life in

Denmark," a novel. The letters "O. T." are the initials of Odensee Tugthaus (House of Correction), and were formerly branded on criminals. This fiction contains an interesting and very animated picture of student-life, and describes national customs and manners with spirit and fidelity. During the same year he wrote a pastoral drama, *Parting and Meeting*, which proved successful on the stage. In 1837 appeared his celebrated novel of "Only a Fiddler"—a powerful, but, to us individually, a painfully interesting work, which we cannot take up and glance over without feeling very sad, and almost regretful that Andersen gave it to the world. Nevertheless this work is perhaps the most popular with his countrymen of any that has proceeded from his pen. It also was received with much favor on the Continent, and among other great personages who testified to its attractive power, the King of Prussia personally told the author how much he liked it. Two remarkable instances of the effects produced by the work deserve to be here mentioned. When Andersen was travelling in Saxony, he learned that a lady there was so struck with the melancholy story of the poor fiddler, that she expressed her determination that if ever she met with a poor child of great musical gifts, she would at least save him from the fate that befel the unfortunate hero of the novel. A musician of eminence heard of this benevolent resolve, and soon brought to the lady two friendless boys, at whose birth Apollo had not been absent. The lady nobly redeemed her pledge, by having them educated along with her own family, and provided them with the best musical instruction. Andersen had the pleasure of hearing their performances, and we may envy him his feelings at the moment. The other instance is almost equally gratifying. When Andersen was travelling up the Rhine, he was desirous to make the acquaintance of the well-known German lyrical poet Freiligrath. He inquired for him, until he found that he resided at St. Goars, where Andersen visited him at home.

"You have many friends," said Freiligrath, to quote Andersen's own account of the interview, "in little St. Goars. I have a short time since read out to a great circle your novel of 'O. T.'" One of these friends, however, I must fetch here, and you must also see my wife. Ay, know you not yet that you have had some share in our marriage?" And now he told me how my novel of "Only a Fiddler" had brought them into a correspondence by letter, and eventually into an acquaintance, which ended in their becoming a married couple. He called her, told her my name, and I was considered as an old friend. Such moments are a blessing, a mercy of God, a happiness; and how many such, how various, have I not experienced?"

Like all Andersen's fictions, the one in question can hardly be said to have a plot, although it is by no means devoid of artistic construction and development. Its chief characters are drawn so strongly and clearly, that they stand forth like portraits on which the sunlight falls. The pictures presented of Danish country life and customs are vividly drawn, and faithful although produced by the daguerreotype. Andersen, in fact, throughout the book reproducing the scenery and recollections of his own early life. The father of the hero is just Andersen's own father—the terrible early struggles of the gifted but unhappy Fiddler are those of Andersen himself in his own individuality. He says that he wrote it after much thought, and certainly it is full of splendid passages, and vigorous from first to last. Andersen's novels are comparatively so little known and understood in England, that, perhaps, we should only weary the reader were we to analyze them at any length; but we may be permitted to express our opinion, that they are well deserving of careful perusal by all who appreciate artistic delineation of character, and exquisitely truthful and vivid pictures of nature.

In all our author's works, of every class and kind, we find him ever turning back with yearning heart to his own loved little Denmark. The following charming touch of home-memory, from one of his books of travel, is a characteristic example, and well deserves quotation for its own intrinsic beauty and truthfulness:—"They say," exclaims he, "that sorrow gets up behind a man and rides with him! I believe it; but memory does the same, and sits faster! Do you remember, it sang, the large calm lakes enclosed by large fragrant beech-woods? Do you remember the little path between the wild roses, and the high brackens, where the rays of the evening sun played between the branches of the trees, making the leaves transparent? Near the lake lies an old castle with a pointed roof, and the stork has its nest up there; it is beautiful in Denmark! Do you remember the brown, sweet-smelling clover-field, with its old tumulus grown over with bramble-bushes and blackthorn;—the stones in the burial-chamber shine like copper when the sun throws his red gleams within? Do you remember the green meadow, where the hay stands in stacks, and spreads a sweet perfume in the calm air? The full moon shines, the husbandmen and girls go singing home, with glittering scythes. Do you remember the sea, the swelling sea, the calm sea? Yes, it is beautiful in Denmark?"

In the same year he visited Sweden, for the first time, and became acquainted with Miss Bremer in the steamboat, on his way to Stockholm, in a manner sufficiently characteristic of the twain. Ever since then they have been

warm friends and correspondents. During the next two years he wrote several poems of size, and acted as a playwright for the theatre.—One vaudeville by him produced in 1839, became, and yet continues, an established favorite with the public. It is called *The Invisible on Sprogø*. The name *Sprogø* means literally "language Island," and it is really situated in the middle of the Great Belt. This lively piece abounds with humor and fun, besides exhibiting fancy and imagination of a high order. The success this trifle met with inspired the author, and he speedily produced his first great drama, entitled *The Mulatto*, which met with decided success, and was so relished in Sweden, that Andersen was invited to the university city of Lund, and the students there gave him a splendid banquet, and a serenade in the evening. This was the first public mark of honor he had received, and most acutely did he feel it. "My heart," says he, "throbbed feverishly when I saw the dense crowd, with their blue caps approach the house, arm-in-arm. I experienced a feeling of humility—a truly vivid consciousness of my deficiencies—so that I felt myself, as it were, bowed down to the earth, whilst others were elevating me; as they all uncovered their heads whilst I stepped forward, I had to bring all my powers of thought in requisition, in order to avoid bursting into tears. After an hurrah, a speech was made, of which I remember these words—'When your native land and the countries of Europe, present you their homage, then may you not forget that the first which was presented to you arose from the students of Lund.' When the heart is warm, strength of expression is not weighed; I felt it deeply, and replied, that from this moment I feel that I must assert a name, in order to render myself worthy of this honor."

Immediately after his return he wrote "A Picture Book without Pictures"—a collection of stories, highly poetical in conception, and capitably written, which was universally well received, and has become a sort of stock-work in various countries. *The Moorish Girl*, a tragedy, followed; and Andersen set out on a second tour in Italy, and thence to Greece and Asia Minor. He returned to Copenhagen in the Autumn of 1841, and embodied his reminiscences of, and adventures during, these travels, in a series of episodic chapters, which were published under the fanciful, but not altogether inappropriate title of "A Poet's Bazaar." This book produced the author the handsomest honorarium he had as yet received for any work in his own country, and was translated into various languages.—The English version, in three volumes, is by the author's friend, Mr. Charles Beckwith, and is splendidly executed. No English translator has ever yet done such justice to Ander-

sen's original Danish as Mr. Beckwith, who translates all the works of his friend, on principles of mutual interest, which is not the case with the other English translators.

The "Bazaar" is a spirited, enthusiastic work, and seems to mark the era in which the author's style became permanently fixed and determined, for he has never swerved from it since. It is totally different from all ordinary books of travel—giving little or no information of a practical character, and entirely ignoring the every-day scenes and lions. It is a gallery hung with pictures, each separate and complete in itself, yet each a link of a chain, looped up with graceful negligence. Many of these pictures—for such they truly are—teem with vivid fancies, and are brilliant specimens of what is called word-painting. A more consummate master of words than Andersen, and one who knows how to use them with more felicitous effect, does not exist.—The subject chosen by him to exercise the witcheries of his genius upon is of little consequence; for whether he writes a chapter about the Alps, or about his *old boots* (which he actually has done in the "Bazaar"), we are almost equally carried away with him at his potent will and pleasure. Yes, he is a great enchanter! See how, with a few artistic touches he paints old Modena by moonlight! "It was after midnight—I sat in the rolling carriage—the soldiers kept close to it—it was the most beautiful moonlight! A large city, with old walls, lay straight before us; it was again pitchy dark; we rode in through the gate, and the moon again shone. We were in Modena! The sight is before me now—full of moonshine, like a strange dream. Old buildings with arcades; a magnificent palace with an extensive open place revealed itself; but all was void and still—not a light shone on us from a single window, not one living being moved in the large old city; it was quite like witchcraft. We stopped in a little square, in the centre of which stood a brick column, the upper part of which formed a sort of lantern, with a glass window; a lamp burned within. This sort of altar is called the 'eternal light'; the lamp is kept burning night and day. The flame appeared in the clear moonlight like a red spot—a painted flame; a woman wrapped in a ragged mantle sat there and slept. She leaned her head against the cold wall of the pillar; a sleeping child lay on her knee, with its head on her lap. I stood long and regarded this group; the little one's hand was half open on its mother's knee. I laid a small coin quite gently in the child's hand; it opened its eyes, looked at me, and closed them again directly. What was it dreaming of? I knew that when it awoke, the moonlight would cause the money to appear like silver in its hand." As a companion

picture, he tells us that he "saw Bologna by sunlight. It lies between luxuriant vine-fields, close under the Apennines, which form a green hedge, wherein every tendril is a vineyard — every flower a villa or a church."

As we have already hinted, Andersen, when, on his travels, is a true Dane in his deep-seated love for the brave little land of his birth. — He never forgets Denmark; however distant in body, he is ever present in spirit. He will turn aside from the most gorgeous sunset of Italia, to expatiate on the gray skies of the North; and the magnificent panorama opened up to his gaze on the Bosphorus only makes him burst into a rhapsody about the isles and seas of Scandinavia. To this love of native scenes how many delightful passages of fresh and heart-warm poetry do we owe! It is amusing, and almost affecting also, to notice that what would otherwise be deemed disappointments and annoyances to the traveller are turned into pleasant thoughts and feelings through intense love of distant *Fadreland*. — For instance, Andersen meets with very wet and raw weather at such a town in Italy, and instead of repining, he forthwith works himself up into an ecstasy, because this gloomy weather happens to be precisely similar to that with which Copenhagen is blessed about the end of October, and consequently he is so powerfully reminded of home associations that his poetic spirit transports itself to dear old Denmark, which he eulogizes till his heart glows within him. Happy is the man who, like our gentle friend, can thus extract elements of joy and contentment from all around!

Even yet Andersen does not appear to have been properly appreciated by his own countrymen. The Danish critics ridiculed the "Bazaar," in every conceivable fashion, accusing the author of inordinate personal vanity, exaggeration, and absurdity in his descriptions of nature, especially because he happened to have seen a lunar rainbow, a thing which they did not believe to have any existence but in the poet's teeming brain! But the book sold better for all this silly abuse; and what was yet more important to the author, he now was cordially received in the family circles of men of the highest rank; and that at their country mansions he revelled in the free and unalloyed luxury (for such it was to him) of communion with nature amid the green vales, by the sleeping lakes, and in the deep shades of the beech-woods which he so oft apostrophizes. — And amid these scenes, and in this refined society, he spent some of his happiest days, and wrote most of his best tales. Especially did he enjoy a sort of poet's elysium at Grissel-feld, the seat of the Countess Danneskjold, mother of the Duchess of Angustenburg; and also at the neighboring mansion of Brevent-geld, the seat of the Danish minister, Count

Moltke, where he was so happy that he says his visit has diffused a sunshine over his life. At another noble summer residence, that of Baron Stampe, he met the great sculptor, Thorvaldsen, and the result of their intimacy was an enduring friendship which reflected equal honor on both. In the winter season he lived chiefly at Copenhagen; and the warm friendship of Cehlenschläger and Thorvaldsen, as well as many other eminent men, seems to have cast a sort of halo around his every day life. Of Cehlenschläger, both as a man and a poet, Andersen speaks in terms of enthusiastic admiration. He gives us some characteristic glimpses of the illustrious but eccentric sculptor; and the following, in Andersen's own words, will not be devoid of interest to the English reader: — "I often spent several weeks in succession with Thorvaldsen, at Nyso. One morning — he was just then working at his own statue — I entered his studio, and bade him good morning: he seemed to be unwilling to notice me, and I stole out softly. At breakfast he was rather silent, and when he was asked to say something, he said, in his own dry way, 'I have this morning spoken more than in many days together, but no one has listened to me; there I stand and think that Andersen is behind me, for he said good morning, and I told him a long story about a matter which had to do with Byron. I thought that one word might have been said in reply; I turned myself round, and there I stood more than an hour, and chattered aloud before the empty walls.' We all begged him to relate the story once more, but we got it very short.

'O, that was in Rome, when I was setting about to make Byron's statue; he placed himself opposite to me, but immediately commenced to put on an entirely different countenance from that which was usual to him. — 'Will you not sit still?' said I; 'but you must not make those faces.' 'That is my expression,' said Byron. 'Indeed!' said I; and then I made him as I wished, and every one said when he was ready, that it was a bit. But when Byron himself saw it, he said — 'It does not resemble me at all; I look unhappy.' 'He was above all things so desirous of looking extremely unhappy,' added Thorvaldsen, with a comic expression."

Another like anecdote we must also be permitted to give, as it so pleasantly gives us an insight of the cordial nature of the poet, and shows how Thorvaldsen himself could unbend. "Thorvaldsen's last birthday," says Andersen, "was celebrated there in the country; I had written a little song; it was still wet on the paper when we sang it early in the morning before his door, accompanied with a music of jingling fire-irons, gongs, and bottles, which were rubbed with a cork. Thorvaldsen himself, in his morning-gown and slippers, open-

ed the door, and danced around his room, swung around his Raphael's cap, and joined the chorus. There was life and mirth in the strong old man."

About this time Andersen produced a dramatic trifle for the theatre, where it was duly hissed by a rival clique. His own account of the affair is very amusing. He himself had not been present at the first representation, but the ensuing morning, the lady of a house where he called sympathized with him, telling him that there were only two hissers, and that the rest of the house took his part. "Hissers! my part!—was I hissed off?" cried I. It was quite comic when one assured me that this hiss was a triumph for me. All had joined in the approbation, and 'there was only one hiss.' After this came up another, whom I asked about the number of hissers. 'Two,' said he. The next said, 'three,' and positively not more. When one of my friends most to be relied on came, I asked him, on his conscience, how many he had heard; he laid his hand on his heart, and said, 'At most there were five.' 'No; I now ask no more; the number increases just as in the case of Falstaff. Here stands one who maintains that there was only one hiss.' Shocked, and still disposed to set it all right again, he replied, 'Yes, that is possible; but it was a strong, powerful hiss.' Poor Andersen!

Some poems, dramatic trifles, and short, sweet tales followed the "Bazaar;" and from the profit of his writings and his pension, he saved enough, by practising economy, to start on a new journey in 1843. He travelled through Belgium to Paris, where he was already known by his works, and was cordially received by Victor Hugo, Lamartine, Dumas, De Vigny, and other eminent men. Of Dumas he says—"The jovial Alexandre Dumas I generally saw in bed, even when it was far beyond noon; here he lay, with paper, pen, and ink, and wrote his newest tragedy. One day I found him so; he nodded to me in a friendly way, and cried, 'Sit down for one minute; I have just now a visit from my muse, and she will be going presently.'" He wrote, spoke aloud, gave a *ricca*, sprang out of bed, and said, 'The third act is ready!'" Dumas introduced him to the great actress, Mlle. Rachel, who soon learned to esteem him. Of another child of genius, almost equally great as an actress, and unrivalled as a vocalist, the world-renowned Jenny Lind, it may not be here out of place to say a little concerning Andersen's acquaintance with her. It was in 1840, when Jenny was unknown out of her own country, that she arrived at Copenhagen, and Andersen waited on her in pure kindness of heart towards a young stranger *artiste*. She received him coldly, and so they parted. In 1843 she again came to Copenhagen. She

had, by this time, read Andersen's writings, and that freshened her memory of the author. A mutual friend proposed to the latter to try and persuade Jenny to perform at the Theatre Royal. He consented, and Jenny now received him cordially; but declared that she dared not perform at Copenhagen. Andersen and the friend alluded to overruled her modesty, and Copenhagen was soon thrown into a musical rapture. Ever since that epoch Jenny has been a most intimate friend of Andersen, who has done much for her in one shape or other. His admiration of, and affection towards her, is enthusiastic. "With the perfect feeling of a brother," he exclaims, "I prize her: I feel myself happy that I know and understand such a soul. May God send her peace, that quiet happiness which she desires for herself! Through Jenny Lind did I first know the holiness of art; through her did I first learn that one must forget oneself in the service of the Supreme. No books, no men have worked on me as a poet in a better or more ennobling manner than Jenny Lind."

In 1844, Andersen again visited Germany, where he was received with open arms by very many of the most illustrious men of the country. On returning to Copenhagen, the Danish minister, Rantzau-Breitenberg, forwarded to him an invitation from the King and Queen of Denmark, to join them at the island of Föhr, a watering-place in the North Sea, near the coast of Sleswick. With joy the poet hastened to accept the gracious invitation, and during the stay of the royal couple at Föhr he every day dined at their table, and spent the evening in their family circle. Just five-and-twenty years before, Andersen had travelled to Copenhagen, a poor, friendless boy; and now, when on the anniversary, 5th September, he sat at the royal table, he touchingly says—"My whole life passed before me in my thoughts, and I was obliged to exert all my strength in order not to burst into tears. There are moments of thankfulness, in which, as it were, we feel an impulse to press God to our hearts; how deeply I felt my nothingness; how all, all came from Him. . . . After dinner the King and Queen wished me happiness, and in truth—*graciously* is a poor word—so cordially, so sympathizingly! The King wished me happiness in that which I had endured and won. He asked me about my first entrance into the world, and I recounted to him some characteristic traits. In the course of the conversation, he asked me if I had not some certain yearly income. I named to him the sum. 'That is not much,' said the King. 'But I do not require much' said I, 'and my writings also bring me in something.'" The King then hinted his wish to do anything in his power for his guest, who, however, was too true a poet to take ad-

vantage of the royal kindness. Subsequently (in the following year) Christian VIII. increased his stipend, so that the modest requirements of the poet were quite satisfied. In continuation, Andersen adds—"So much may easily spoil a man, and make him vain. But, no; it does not spoil; it makes one, on the contrary, good and better; it purifies the thoughts, and one must thereby get an impulse, a wish to merit all this. At my parting audience the queen presented me with a valuable ring, as a memorial of my residence at Föhr, and the king again spoke very kindly, nobly, and with generous sympathy. God bless and preserve this exalted pair!" The Duchess of Augustenberg and her daughters were of the royal party, and they so warmly invited Andersen to next visit them at the ducal seat at Augustenberg, that he did so, and was entertained during fourteen happy days.

In 1844, Andersen's chief production was a drama, called *The Flower of Fortune*, and about this time his chief works were so frequently translated in different foreign languages, that he appears to have been deeply struck with the moral responsibility of a successful author, and his thoughts and reflections on the subject are noble, true, and excellent.

"It is something elevating, but at the same time something terrific, to see one's thoughts spread far around, and amongst men; it is almost an anxious thing to belong to so many. That which is noble and good is a blessing; but that which is bad, our errors shoot up, and involuntarily the thought forces itself from us—*God, never let me write down a word for which I am not able to give thee an account!*"

In 1845, he, for the third time, set out for his darling Italy, intending to return home by France and Spain. On his way he visited his native town of Odensee, but every thing there fell like a chill on his heart. All was changed: his parents' graves were obliterated; a fresh generation walked the streets; he felt a greater stranger there than in any foreign city. He travelled through Germany, renewing old friendships, and making new ones. The last evening of the year he spent with Jenny Lind at Berlin—the circle comprising only Andersen, Jenny, and her attendant. A little Christmas-tree was prepared, and the poet was the child, he tells us, for whom it was lighted up and hung with presents. The King of Prussia sent a cordial invitation to him, and he joined the royal family, to whom he read some of his stories, for which his Majesty expressed great sympathy; and the evening before Andersen's departure invested him with the order of the Red Eagle of Prussia. After leaving Berlin, our happy

poet became for some time the guest of his friend, the Grand Duke of Weimar, of whom he exclaims, "I love him as one who is dearest to my heart!" Onward flies the wandering bird of passage, everywhere caressed, until he alights at Dresden, where again he is the welcome family guest at the royal palace—King, and Queen, and Princes, and Princesses striving to make him feel at home. At Vienna he was very kindly entertained by the Archduchess Sophia of Austria, to whom her sister, the Queen of Saxony, had given him a letter of introduction. The Empress-dowager, her mother, and Prince Wassa also manifested much interest in him. He arrived at Rome in March, 1846, and lived, as usual, on terms of intimate friendship with many of the most gifted and eminent dwellers and sojourners there, quitting it after Easter for Naples. The heat of the latter place was so unusually intense, that even the sun-loving poet was prostrated.

"I, who had fancied that I was a child of the sun, so firmly did my heart always adhere to the south, was obliged to own that the snow of the north lay in my body; that the snow melted, and that I was still more miserable."

By the advice of his physician he left by steam-boat for Marseilles, whence he resolved to travel by easy stages through the South of France, and across the Pyrennees into Spain. At Marseilles he was delighted to meet with Ole Bull, the Norwegian, who had come from America, where he assured the poet that his writings were universally read. Here was fresh cause for felicitation!

"My name had flown over the great ocean! I felt myself altogether nothing at this, but most joyous and happy. Why should so much happiness be allotted to me before so many thousands? I had, and have, a feeling at it, as though I were a poor peasant boy around whom a royal mantle is thrown."

He went on through Provence (which he fancied looked entirely Danish), but in escaping from Naples he only seemed to have leapt out of the frying-pan into the fire, for the heat was awful. He reached Perpignan.

"The sun had here, as it were, swept the people off the streets. It was only in the night-time they came out, like a roaring stream, as if a real tumult would destroy the city. . . . Sick as I was, I gave up every idea of travelling to Spain. I felt that it would be impossible for me, even if I had been able to recover my strength, to reach Switzerland."

He was recommended to go to the baths of Vernet, high up the cool Pyrennees. A few days' sojourn there quite re-established his health; but alas! he could not cross the mountain, and realize his long-cherished desire of visiting Spain.

"I stand, like Moses, and see the land before me, but must not set a foot on it. However, please God, at some future time I shall fly during a winter from the north into this rich, beautiful land, from which the sun, with his sword of flame, now holds me back."

May this hope be realized, say we!

It was at Vernet that Andersen wrote the closing lines of his own autobiography, or, as he called it, "The Story of my Life," which he brought up to this period. We have repeatedly quoted from it hitherto, and need only characterize it, generally, as being one of the most beautiful, spirited, and deeply interesting autobiographies ever given to the world. Never were early struggles more vividly depicted; never were the rewards and fame acquired by the honorable exercise of God-given genius more modestly alluded to; never were the patronages and aids bestowed by discerning friends more gratefully acknowledged. In this story of his life the soul of Andersen shines transparent. He tells us with manly simplicity everything that is desirable to be known, and when we lay down the book, we know not which most to admire—the marvellous life-drama itself, or the eloquence and exceeding beauty of the language in which it is narrated. With one final extract we will quit this wondrous autobiography. These are its final words:—"A star of good fortune shines over me. Thousands deserve it better than I. I myself cannot understand why so much joy has fallen to my lot before numberless others. May it shine! but should it set, still it has shone. I have received my full share. Let it set. From this also the best springs. To God and to men my thanks, my love."

After his autobiography he published a novel, called "The Two Baronesses." In it we are introduced to Danish scenes and characters equally extraordinary; but the former are undoubtedly faithful transcripts of nature, and the latter appear to be drawn from life. Its merit, which is great, solely depends on its powerful delineation of characters and scenery. Both the baronesses, especially the old one, are drawn with masterly power. We feel as though we had seen them, talked with them, known them quite intimately for years. The paintings from nature in the book are highly finished, and are attractive from their novelty. It did not prove a very popular work, but is worthy of a patient perusal.

Here we would pause, and attempt to convey a broader idea of the character and nature of Andersen, as an author and a man; but we must premise that the task is a somewhat difficult one to do justice to: for his life itself is reflected throughout his works, and they are of a kind rather to be accepted just for what they are, and quietly enjoyed, than

to be made the subject of critical analysis. Still there are certain remarkable features in his writings which distinguish him from any other writer whatever, and peculiar and striking traits in his character, which confer on him an easily appreciable and very interesting individuality.

Born and reared under adverse and depressing circumstances, he very early felt that he was sent into the world to perform a certain mission, and he triumphantly trampled down every hostile circumstance that environed him, and in a measure compelled the public to listen to his utterances. He never mistook the bent and scope of his genius. From the first feeble flutterings of his poetic pinions to his latest prolonged flights through the realms of fancy, he has stood forth as the interpreter and expounder of the hidden beauties and meanings of the every-day commonplace things of life; and striking the responsive chord in the heart of humanity, he exemplifies the truth of our own Shakspeare's declaration, that a touch of nature makes the whole world one kin. Love to God and man—a cheerful, ever contented philosophy—a pure, healthy, enjoyment of all things which minister to the happiness of life—these are the pervading principles of the man, and in all his writings they are enunciated and iterated in the most winning and delightful language. The great ever-open volume of nature is the book which he principally studies and draws inspiration from: and his own experiences of life supply him with exhaustless matter, to be reproduced in a variety of shapes. His early battlings with adverse influences have made an ineradicable impression on his mind, and to a certain degree have chastened and subdued it, and imparted a tone to much of his writings. The German poet and critic Hanch has very justly commented upon this. He says, that "the principal thing in Andersen's best and most elaborate writings is that wherein the richest fancy, the deepest feeling, the most lively poetic spirit is a talent, or, at least, a noble nature, which will struggle its way out of a narrow and depressing condition. That is the case with his three novels; and to this end he really has a state of existence full of importance—to represent an interior world, which no one knows better than he who has himself drank from the bitter cup of sufferings and privations; painful and deep feelings, which are nearly allied to those which he has himself experienced, and wherein memory—who, according to the old significant myth, is the mother of the muses—met him hand-in-hand with them. What he can here relate to the world certainly deserves to be listened to with attention; for whilst it is, on the one side, only the internal personal life of the individual, it is, at the same time, the

common lot of talent and genius, at least when placed in indigent circumstances, which is here brought before our eyes. In so far as in his 'Improvisatore,' in 'O. T.,' and in 'Only a Fiddler,' he represents not only himself in his separate individuality, but, at the same time, the important struggle, which many have made their way through, and which he also well knows, because his own life has developed itself in it, he presents nothing whatever which belongs to the world of illusion but that only which bears testimony to the truth, and which, like every such testimony, possesses a universal and enduring value." In other words, Andersen may be thus classed with many other gifted beings who have—

"Learnt in suffering what they teach in song."

Happily both for Andersen and the world, his sufferings and trials, instead of rendering him morose and miserable, have only quickened and refined his natural sensibility—given him a more intense enjoyment of all the blessings of his present lot, and filled his soul with a gushing fount of gratitude. Personally, indeed, he has great cause for rejoicing in the wonderful number of powerful friends that Providence has raised up for him in so many countries; for never was poet more sympathized with and caressed wherever he goes. It seems as though men of all classes strive to show most kindness towards the genial-hearted Scandinavian wanderer, whose writings have prepared a welcome for him, and have predisposed every body to receive him on the footing of a cherished guest. The German poet Moser well expressed this feeling in the lines he addressed to Andersen:—

"Once a bird flew to this region
From the north sea's dismal strand;
Singing, flew he on swift pinion,
Marching, singing through the land.
Fare thee well! again to dear friends
Bring thy heart and song once more."

Andersen does not possess a sufficient combination of powers to enable him to produce any work of epical compass; he is by no means Shaksperian in genius. His most ambitious poem, "Ashauerus," to produce which he had read and studied intensely, sufficiently evinces this. In dramatic talent also he falls immeasurably short of his countryman, Ehlenschläger, and appears to advantage only in such humorous trifles as "Ole Luck-Oin" (Ole Shut-Eye). But his short lyrics, written on the inspiration of the moment, and founded on incidents drawn chiefly from every-day life, may be pronounced masterly of their kind.

Again, in his prose writings we are not called on to admire any very comprehensive grasp

of intellect, no profound and subtle philosophical acumen; nothing at all exciting in incident nor enthralling in interest; no attempt whatever to command attention by startling disquisitions or brilliant declamation; nothing at all indicative at a first glance of something far beyond ordinary story telling. Perhaps the reader, who for the first time in his life holds a volume by Andersen in his hand, may hastily turn over its pages with a perplexed and disappointed air; but let him fairly commence a quiet perusal, and he will quickly cease to marvel at the reputation the writer has acquired, and will find himself unable to resist the charm thrown over the most homely and apparently unattractive subject by the very peculiar genius of the gentle Dane. He will first admire the astonishingly affluent imagery, the genial, playful fancy, and unaffected poetical powers of the author; and next he will irresistibly be drawn to love him for his pure, healthy morality, warm-heartedness, and deep feeling of appreciation for all that is good and ennobling. Moreover, he will recognize a literally unrivalled power of word-painting, a prodigious effluence of felicitous phrases and expressions, and a mode of treating all subjects as fascinating as it is original and indescribable. All these qualities combined render him one of the most delightful companions for a quiet hour, when the heart is disposed to commune with a kindred spirit, that we could name in the whole range of literature. His beautiful fairy-tales charm the child; his sweet and truly exquisite poetic fancies gratify all who derive pleasure from the sparkling freaks of a most vivid, yet tender imagination; and the melodious utterances in which he embodies his more serious and solemn thoughts and reflections at once delight and instruct the thoughtful and mature reader.

If we might venture to attempt an allegory, we should not compare Andersen's writings to a broad, deep, majestic stream, itself the recipient of a hundred minor streams in its steady course to the ocean; yet less should we compare them to an impetuous mountain torrent, leaping frantically from crag to crag, foaming, and roaring, and vexing the still air with its rolling mists, until it loses itself in the black waters of some sullen lake, deeply imbedded amid frowning rocks; but we would rather compare them to a pellucid stream, gently flowing adown a verdant hill-side, reflecting every sunbeam, singing a pleasant under-song throughout its fanciful course, and ever and anon breaking up in sparkling dimples, or joyously bubbling around some water-worn stone.

Nature, as we have already said, is the grand source whence Andersen derives his inspirations, and by the study of which he is

enabled to discourse with us so eloquently, and to unroll before our admiring vision such novel and beautiful scenes. When Professor Hase first heard some of Andersen's stories read, he wrote on the leaf of a memorandum book the following appropriate testimony of his approbation:—"Watt Schelling—not he who lives in Berlin, but he who lives an immortal hero in the world of mind—once said, Nature is the visible spirit: the spirit the invisible nature;" and this was yesterday evening rendered fully palpable to me by your little stories. As you, on the one hand, penetrate so deeply into the secrets of nature, understand and know the language of birds, and what the feelings of a fig-tree or a daisy are, so that everything seems to be there for its own sake, and we, together with our children, participate with them in their joys and their sorrows; yet, on the other hand, everything is but the image of the mind, and the human heart in its infinity trembles and beats throughout. May this fountain from the poet's heart which God has lent you, still continue to pour forth so refreshingly." And refreshingly, indeed, does it still continue to do so. We cannot doubt that Andersen's habitual study of nature, and his facile and truthful delineation of her aspects, is the main source of the fascination of his writings; although the felicity of his style, and the very remarkable power he possesses of embodying all his thought in graphic yet melodious language, must also contribute to the result in a material degree.

We do not know any English writer of the present day, with the exception perhaps of Dickens, who approaches Andersen in the latter respects. But Dickens has a more jerking and abrupt style: and, after all, we must probably cite Goldsmith as being the only English author who can be said to resemble Andersen in the tender beauty of his language. The flow of Goldsmith's language, however, is more continuous and unbroken, and he does not indulge in such original flights of fancy, and such frequent bursts of the warmest and most glowing enthusiasm as Andersen. The latter himself is undoubtedly an enthusiast of his kind, and he sings whatever his own heart prompts, without hesitation or reserve. He undeniably is original to a remarkable degree, but there is no affectation whatever in that originality, and it always evinces itself within the bounds of good taste. One thing may be said alike of the man and his writings—both personally and in them he evinces a sort of restlessness. His mind is so full of fancies, so overflowing with quaint and novel ideas, that it seems incapable of settling down for any length of time to work out a great subject in the calm, persistent manner its importance would demand. His pen appears ever eager to dash off one theme, only to fly to another,

and treat it so in turn. He is incapable of deliberately sitting down to a task which will chain him to its thorough development for a lengthened period, and call into calm and continuous exertion his best and highest powers. Thus we see, in all his largest works, that he presents us with a gallery of most delightful *cabinet* pictures, which do not illustrate in unbroken order any given subject or leading idea, but are, so to speak, quite separate and independent of each other, and possess little more connection and relation than that which arises from bearing a certain family likeness—a certain and unmistakable imprint of having been produced by the same master-hand. Even in his most elaborate novels, we plainly see that it costs him the greatest effort to keep strictly to his subject; in fact, he does not and cannot do so, but presents all in an episodic form. Again, his books of travel are *not* books of travel in the common acceptance of the word; they are rather reminiscences of all sorts of things, scenes, and ideas of a poetical and attractive nature; but all are dressed up in such a charming garb, that no one can quarrel with the author for his wayward fancies, and peculiar mode of conveying his ideas and recollections of foreign lands. As to anything in the shape of dry detail, of mere facts and figures, he shuns it with horror. And the man himself is quite as discursive, restless, and fanciful as his pen. He is a real *Wandernde Vogel*—a wandering bird, and as essentially migratory in his habits as are the storks, which he so delights to introduce in every book he has written. But we shall have much to say of him as a man towards the conclusion of our paper.

Certain authors and certain books, to be properly appreciated and thoroughly enjoyed, should only be read at particular seasons and hours, and when the mind of the reader is in a fit condition to sympathize with their utterances. Who, for instance, when in the flush of health and flow of high spirits, would think of sitting down in the golden sunshine of noon-day, to deliberately peruse "Young's Night Thoughts?" It is a book to be read in a solemn frame of mind, by the taper burning in the study at the midnight hour; and then only will its magnificent yet essentially gloomy and saddening poetry be properly enjoyed, and its lessons find their fitting response in the thoughtful and awestruck heart of the reader. Andersen, to the reverse, is an author whom of all others we should carry with us as a companion in our light, cheerful rambles through the fields, and by the river's bank, or the shell-strewn seashore, or in the open sunny glades of the forest, where birds are flitting to and fro, and the cooing of the stockdove and the hum of animated nature fills the air. We should then

enjoy the beauties of the landscape, the odor of the flowers, the twittering of the birds, the rustling of the long green grass, and the murmuring of the bubbling rivulet, with increased intensity, for he would teach us how to find hitherto hidden charms in all around, and would stand forth an eloquent interpreter between us and nature.

To resume. In 1851 "Pictures of Sweden" were published, being the results of the author's recent travels in that country. We are inclined to reckon this as the most delightful book he ever wrote, always excepting his own autobiography. Like the "Poet's Bazaar," it is not a regular book of travels, but a number of episodal chapters, scarcely connected together; and yet, as we happen to know, Andersen was excessively fastidious in their arrangement, with a view to consecutive reading—though why he was so we do not clearly perceive, for several of the chapters have no more connection with Sweden than with China. There are also some passages scarcely worthy of Andersen; but, taking it all together, it is an embodiment of all his excellencies of style and tone, and some parts are of transcendent beauty. How surpassingly tender and suggestive of sweet, holy thoughts is the chapter entitled "Grandmother!"

We cannot name any book whatever that, in our opinion, contains such brilliant examples of a great writer's mastery over the art of "word-painting" as the "Pictures of Sweden." It is the bouquet of all the author's works. Imagination, fancy, humor, deep insight into the springs of human affections, are all blended together so as to form a genial, radiant, fascinating book, which it is impossible to read without loving the gentle, large-hearted author, even if you knew no more of him than that book reveals.

We perceive that we have omitted to mention that subsequent to the publication of his "Improvisatore," in English, Andersen visited England and Scotland, where he was so well received, that the *Corsaren* (the *Punch* of Copenhagen) caricatured him as receiving the homage of the Queen and Court of Great Britain, etc. His latest work is "A Poet's Day Dreams," published during the year 1853, but we have not space to do more than to allude to it. We have enumerated all his works of importance, but he has also written numerous little dramas, tales, and poems. Of the latter, he is continually contributing to the newspapers of Copenhagen; and we ourselves heard his *death-verses* upon his intimate friend Ehlerschlæger (the crowned *digter-konge*, or poet-king, of Scandinavia) sung over that great poet's inanimate remains on their passage to the tomb, on January, 26th, 1850. We shall not soon forget that thrilling moment!

Andersen's works have been translated into most European languages, enjoying a very large circulation in Swedish, German, and French. They have sold by tens of thousands in America, and so they would in England were they published at a more accessible price. They have even appeared in Dutch and Russian, and a selection of his short, sweet poems, upon subjects that make all mankind one kin, have actually been translated into the language of the hardy natives of Greenland, who are said to be in the habit of almost daily singing them. If this be not true fame, tell us what is!

Personally, Andersen is a very tall man, and like many authors, he is somewhat ungraceful in his movements, but dresses with great neatness, and in the most fashionable style. He has a fine poetic-looking head, open, animated features, and a pair of sparkling eyes. He is just as genial and frank in manner as one would anticipate from his works; and before you have been one hour in his society you feel as though you had been his intimate friend for years. He loves all the world, and all the world loves him; he is a great diner-out, for there is a smiling welcome for him at every house. Perhaps no living author whatever has numbered as personal friends so many distinguished men of different countries as he has. Were he to chronicle his reminiscences of princes, poets, artists, actors, and other people of rank and intellect, what a book would it be! And such a work, we venture to predict, he will give to the world yet, or else leave materials for its posthumous appearance. Andersen is passionately fond of his *lille Denmark*, and yet he is continually leaving it, almost as regularly as his friends the storks, to wander in southern lands. Whether he inherited this love of rambling from his father, or whether it is an acquired habit, we know not; but certainly we think that fully one-half of his life, since his twenty-fifth year, has been spent in foreign parts. We should be the last to find fault with this propensity, for how much do we not owe to it! What pictures of Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and the East, has he not given to the world! Long may he live to go to and fro upon the earth, and far may he wander to unroll before us new and beautiful visions of all that is admirable in nature; but may he ever safely return to his loved Scandinavian home; for finely does he himself say, "The first moment of arrival at home is, however, the bouquet of the whole voyage!" When we last heard from him, he told us he had just arrived home from a fresh journey in Germany, only to start soon for Switzerland.

The story of Andersen's life is, in itself, a perfect romance of reality: and it conveys a noble moral lesson, which will go down pro-

fitably to posterity. A poor boy is born in a country, and amid scenes, which offer no extraordinary spur to the development of talent, but rather the reverse. From his very childhood he has intuitively felt that he possessed that within him which distinguished and set him apart from others of his own age and class; something which would, with God's blessing, hereafter enable him to become a great man, even as other poor little boys had become, of whom we read in the story-books. And he commences the cultivation of the talent which had been entrusted to him, with "trust in God, and persevere," for his motto, amid extreme discouragements, trials, and rebuffs. Poverty cannot extinguish the sacred spark in his breast; the meanness of his education, and his ignorance of the world, shall not daunt him. A mere child in years, and in knowledge of all that is practical in life, he sets forth all alone from his humble home, and arrives at the distant great city, friendless and almost penniless. Onward! up the hill! that is the secret cry of his heart; and he fights with adverse circumstances; he struggles onward and upward, till he stands at the summit of the goal, triumphant, yet bowed down with gratitude to the Divine Protector whose aid he never ceased to implore, and filled with love towards his brother-man. And now great men, and princes, yea, kings and queens, greet him kindly, and take him by the hand, and seat him at their table, and tell him how they admire his works, and his heroic victory in the great battle of life! And they tell him they wish to confer on him such outward marks of their royal approval as may testify to the sincerity of that admiration in the eyes of their subjects. And so the crosses and stars of four orders of knighthood* glitter on his breast, and he is the friend and companion of the great and noble, and the cherished author of innumerable readers in both hemispheres; he, the son of the poor Odensee shoemaker! Well may he himself marvel at his own career, and be disposed to consider himself specially favored by God and man!

As the touch of Midas transmutes all things into gold, so does that of Andersen all things into poetry. He takes a stalk of flax, a tree, a flower, or even a solitary blade of grass growing in a barren, thirsty soil, and endows it with eloquent language, with melodious utterance of charming thoughts; and yet we cannot smile, and say this is a childish conceit, for we feel and know that a profound moral truth or wise counsel is symbolized in the beautifully-worded allegory. There is a *purpose* in the most seemingly fanciful and fantastic of his conceptions—another meaning than what

prominently meets the eye, and the youngest of his readers is aware of this. No living author has so perseveringly and successfully labored to show us that the elements of the richest poetry, and a soul of goodness, dwell in everything that surrounds us, as Andersen.—He invests the most common productions in nature, and the meanest and most familiar domestic objects with a halo of poesy, and we glow with pleasure, and wonder that we never appreciated the real loveliness and spiritual symbolism of all created things, till he, the magician, unveiled all before us, and bade us rejoice and thank God for the innumerable gifts and blessings that fill the earth for our use and delight! Say, do we not owe a deep debt of gratitude to the man who, with resistless eloquence, and in all sincerity of purpose, strives to enable us to better appreciate all visible things—strives, with yearning heart and soul, to induce us to love God and one another better than we do—strives to purify us, to gladden and ennoble us by gentlest, sweetest teachings—strives to eschew the evil, and to search out only the good, and true, and beautiful in nature and in man—strives to impart to us all a portion of his own genial faith and sensibility, so that we may become happy even as he is himself? Say, what does this man deserve of his fellows? He is a poet, a true poet, and a great poet, and he would have us all be poets also, for he knows there are the elements of poetry inherent in every man, although unto very few is given the faculty to adequately express what they feel.—He would have us all participate in that exquisite enjoyment of the works of creation which is the poet's birth-right—a birthright that kings can neither give nor take away. He would have us live somewhat more after the fashion that the Almighty designed, when He bade man replenish the earth with his kind. Say, then, reader, hath this man—this prescient poet—lived altogether in vain in his generation, and shall his name perish with his body on earth? We trow not.

Andersen writes not as philosophers write; he does not group facts and figures, and make scientific deductions therefrom; but he has nevertheless, hymned the power and glory of scientific skill (as exemplified in the steam-engine) in a recent work, in a way that proves he may yet become the Poet of Science, *par excellence*, even as he is already the Poet of Nature. In another splendid chapter on "Faith and Knowledge," he properly exalts the former immeasurably above the latter, but shows how science may become the humble yet useful handmaid of faith. Speaking of immortality, he exclaims—"I know it in the faith, in the holy, eternal words of the Bible. Knowledge lays itself like a stone over my grave, but my faith is that which breaks it.

* Conferred by the Kings of Denmark, Prussia, Sweden and Wurtemberg, respectively.

Now, thus it is! The smallest flower preaches from its green stalk, in the name of knowledge, *immortality*. Hear it! The beautiful also bears proofs of immortality, and, with the conviction of faith and knowledge, the immortal will not tremble in his greatest need; the wings of prayer will not droop; you will believe in the eternal laws of love, as you believe in the laws of sense. . . . Just as our own soul shines out of the eye, and the fine movement around the mouth, so does the created image shine forth from God in spirit and in truth. There is harmonious beauty from the smallest leaf and flower to the large swelling bouquet—from our earth itself to the numberless globules in the firmamental space; as far as the eye sees, as far as science ventures, all, great and small, is beauty and harmony. . . . By walking with open eyes in the path of knowledge, we see the glory of the annunciation. The wisdom of generations is but a span on the high pillar of revelation, above which sits the Almighty; but this short span will grow through eternity, in faith and with faith. Knowledge is like a chemical test, which pronounces the gold pure." We may remark here, that Andersen is naturally very religiously inclined—he has been so from childhood, and his feelings of devotion are only deepened and purified by each added year. There is no affectation in the pious ejaculations which so frequently burst from his grateful heart; he does really feel all that he expresses, and, perhaps, even more. His religion is not sectarian nor narrow-minded, but is the simple faith of a child in Christ the Saviour and God the Father; and these religious principles pervade all he says and all he does. He knows well the value of prayer, and the confidence derivable from feeling that he has a friend in God on high.

Andersen's strength lies in the vivid imagination, his sweet quaint fancy, his impassioned feeling, his keen perception of the beautiful, his loving heart, and his fascinating gift of writing a species of prose-poetry in a style of unapproachable eloquence. The heart of man is his empire; our best aspirations and affections are the strings of the harp whereon he plays with such masterly skill. His own heart is the source of his inspiration—and to appeal to and move the hearts of others is his object. Poetry is as natural to him as the odor to the rose; and it is ever uttered in melodious and happily chosen words. He tells us himself that Danish is a language peculiarly adapted to express his ideas; but the English versions by Beckwith cannot fall far short of the original in beauty and effect. As a sample, take the following bit concerning the shapes that memory assumes to our mental vision:—"It is commonly said that memory is a young girl with bright blue eyes. Most poets

say so; and we cannot always agree with most poets. To us memory comes in quite different forms, according to that land or that town to which she belongs. Italy sends her as a charming Mignon, with black eyes and a melancholy smile, singing Bellini's soft, touching songs. From Scotland, memory's sprite appears as a powerful lad, with bare knees—the plaid hangs over his shoulder—the thistle flower is fixed in his cap. *Burns's lyrics then fill the air like the heath-lark's song*; and Scotland's wild thistle flowers beautifully fragrant as the fresh rose." The line we have italicised surely conveys a most beautiful image in words as simple as they are appropriate.

Andersen's mind is stored with picturesque legends, and he is exceedingly well read in the old *sagas*, and in the chronicles of his country. These he occasionally introduces and details, after his own fashion, in his writings, with such a vivid, startling effect, that we have often wished he would undertake a history or a consecutive series of annals of Scandinavia in the remote ages. He could depict the ancient Vikings—their warriors and skalds, their battlings and their feasting, their life in the field and in the hall, so that they would almost seem to us to be bodily resuscitated, and their era returned again, in the great cycle of change. What he is capable of doing in this style may easily be seen by referring to some of the historical chapters in the "Pictures of Sweden." There is no mysticism, no obscurity, in what Andersen writes; whatever the subject, all is clear: all can be understood by the merest child, for each sentence is rendered luminous by the light of genius.

We have already spoken of Andersen's very remarkable power of charming children by his written stories; and we have to add, that he can personally attract them in an equally surprising manner. His nature assimilates itself very much to that of children; blessed nature, that it can do so! say we, for that is in itself a proof that our poet is a good as well as a gifted man! He has an extreme affection for little ones, and his entrance into a room is the signal for them to flock around him, and he then either amuses them or himself—for it is difficult to say whether they or he enjoy a child-like pastime most—by entering into their sports and occupations, or else by improvising songs and fairy-tales for their sole and special gratification. We have been assured by those whose own children are pets of this extraordinary man, that the fascination he can exercise at will and pleasure over all children is absolutely marvellous. This trait in his character is to us by no means the least interesting and lovable. "Blessed is he whose hand prepareth a pleasure for a child!" One can hardly help feeling sad to think there is now little probability of the loving-hearted

poet having any children of his own, to climb his knee, and look up in his face, and call him father! He has given us most delightful pictures of wedded happiness; but what would he not have written had he himself experienced what he describes? But, as he would tell us, God knoweth what is best for us all. Even as one who was disappointed in his first and only love affair, and who has possibly on that very account remained unmarried, he has, nevertheless, enjoyed a very happy life on the whole—what is more, he richly deserves to be happy.

We must now conclude. Perchance it will be thought we have spoken in somewhat too eulogistic a manner of the Danish poet. We believe otherwise. He has his faults both as

an author and a man, but they are insignificant in comparison with what challenges our admiration and esteem. The more he is read and studied, the more he will be liked; and it is impossible not to love him when once you know him, either personally or through the medium of his writings, which are just a reflex of the man himself. If the reader has not yet made his acquaintance in either shape, we entreat him to lose no time in obtaining almost any one of the author's works. For ourselves, we echo from our heart's depths his own desire (expressed in a letter now lying by our side), "that we may meet once again in this world," and know one another better than we do. Long life here, and happiness hereafter, to Hans Christian Andersen!

THIRTY-TWO OF THEM!

The number of individuals attending upon the Noble Lord (Lord John Russell) upon his mission amounted to thirty-two—male and female.—*Times*, May 2nd, 1855.

"CHE Sara, Sara!" Of hope bereft
We're rapidly going to Gehenna,
Now that our thirty-two envoys have left
Their Hôtel Munch at Vienna.
Thirty-two trunks having pass'd its gate,
Marked "Johann Russell, passenger,"
The Conference farce is as out of date
As a tragedy of Massinger.

Thirty-two pilgrims of peace, employed
To stop this war of nations,
Have left their thirty-two chambers void,
And their run of public rations.
Who would complain if they ate their fill,
Or suffered a free digestion,
If they'd settled either their tavern bill
Or the Oriental Question?

Sum up the cost of the burnt bougies
In thirty-two pair of sockets,
Without any saving of French fusées
Or of English congreve-rockets—
Compute the outlay morning and night
To limit the Russian launches,
While "thirty-two-pounders" thunder in spite
Of thirty-two olive branches—

And a double tax we pay with grace—
A tax perhaps as essential
As the everlasting tenure of place
By kinsmen plenipotential.
The *famille* Russell, come war or peace,
Relies on our recognition
That England at large is a "*Golden Fleece*"
To grace its perpetual mission.

The Press.

TO HIM.

RETURN, return; my being yearns for thee,
My heart's deep tenderness is all thine own;
What am I in thine absence, would'st thou see?—
Fancy whate'er is sad and drear and lone.
Come, for my very thoughts were fed from thine;
Thou only didst my higher nature know,
And, 'neath the worthless surface find a mine,
A mental treasure hidden far below.
Wilt thou not come and read the page again,
That now is shrouded from all mortal ken?

Return, return, my sorrows claim thy care;
Dost thou not heed my solitary moan?
For terrible is grief with none to share,
And joy is burdensome if borne alone.
Come once again, and thou shalt ever find
Pliant as clay within the potter's hand
My will shall bend to thine; my powers of mind
Be ready to obey thy least command.
Then whatso'er my worldly wealth may be,
I must be rich while thou art spared to me.

Return, return, for as the ivy lives
By drawing nurture from some stately tree,
Which to the poor frail plant its verdure gives,
So thou impartest of thy strength to me.
Come then again, and let me round thee twine;
Be thou my living prop, my friend, my guide;
And shouldst thou droop, I, too, will with thee pine,
And, when thou fadest, wither by thy side.
The ivy clings in death—and oh may we
United glide into eternity.—*Chambers's Journal.*

ARCHDEACON JEFFERYS, a missionary in the East Indies, states that, "for one really converted Christian, as the fruit of missionary labor—for one person "born again of the Holy Spirit, and made a new creature in Jesus Christ"—for one such person, the drinking practice of the English had made one thousand drunkards."

From Hogg's Instruction.

CURRER BELL.

EVEN while the heart of the British nation is filled to overflowing by one great anguish and one great hope, we cannot doubt that a thrill of real sorrow will pass to every corner of the land with the tidings that Mrs. Nicholls, formerly Charlotte Brontë, and known to all the world as Currer Bell, is no more. But a few months ago, we heard of her marriage: it became known, with a smile of happy surprise, that the merciless derider of weak and insipid suitors had found a lord and master; that the hand which drew the three worshipful ecclesiastics, Malone, Donne, and Sweeting, had been locked at the altar in that of a curate; and already the smile fades away in the sound of her funeral knell, and we are left to reflect, that all of fruit and flower which time might have matured in the garden of her genius lies still and lifeless, severed by the scythe of death. To every thinking mind, the passing from the midst of us of such a life must be the occasion of solemn reflection. It is a trite, yet ever a suggestive remark, that the variety of nature is infinite. You have been watching the sun, when, as if in love's changefulness, he smiled from behind April clouds on the awakening earth; those evanescent lights on lawn and lea, those bright gleams on the distant river, that fantastic sport of the sunlight, kindling its silvery illumination from point to point amid the mountain mist, will never be seen again. Every effect of nature is solitary; each star has its own twinkle, every lily of the field its peculiar and unshared beauty: the Hand whose touch is perfection repeats not its strokes. But, without inquiring what specifically is that mystic thing called genius, it is universally conceded, that it is of its essential nature to be, in a peculiar sense, unexampled and alone. Whether it be a positive addition to the ordinary compliment of human faculty, or whether it be some new and cunning harmony, some delicate balancing, some exquisite sharpening, of the ordinary mental powers, it is at least certain that, from the eye in which men discern genius, there falls over the world a light whose very novelty urges them to the term. It has been said by Coleridge, that the effect of genius on its possessor is to perpetuate, in mature age, the wakeful curiosity, the fresh enjoyment, the loving surprise, with which healthful childhood gazes on the new world; to enable a man to see, in the clear, strong light of intellectual noontide, the same fairness and freshness over the earth as when it lay under the dewy dawn; but whatever may be the mode of the phenomenon, the fact is beyond question, that there is a difference between the perceptions of such an one and those of the throng. Into recesses of the hu-

man heart, whither, erewhile, we could not penetrate, this new light guides our steps; secret and ravishing glimpses of beauty, to which we never before thrilled, are now revealed to us; passions which lay dormant in our breasts have been awakened ere we were aware, to overflow in tears or flash in fire; truths which were altogether unknown, or, through custom, faded and powerless, have beamed forth with startling or alluring clearness. And when here, too, death asserts his ruthless supremacy, it is no figure of speech, but a simple statement of fact, that tones have died away which we can never hear again from the universal harp of nature, that "a light has passed from the revolving year," and that Providence has again worked out, in all it involves of responsibility and monition, those high intents for which there was sent among us an original mind. The mind of Currer Bell was assuredly such; and when we add, that the genius by which it was characterized was accompanied by an earnestness which might be called religious, and turned, by a strong human sympathy, upon the general aspects and salient points of the age, it becomes a matter of serious moment to sum up the work she has done, and estimate the lesson she has taught us. The office of criticism is two fold, towards the author and towards the reader. From that point of view which every honest and individual, though nowise remarkably powerful, mind occupies, lights of guidance or suggestion may be discerned, of value to the highest; honest criticism of living authors is therefore beyond question to be approved: but this task, and whatever of even apparent acerbity it may entail, ceases with the life of the author; and as we receive from the dying hand the gift to which there will be no addition, however it may be required of us to define its value, we may at least permit to criticism the tone of affection and respect. It is singularly so in the case of Currer Bell. Whatever estimate we may form of the nett result of positive instruction—the actual amount of such sound available thought as will pave the highways of the world—to be found in her works, we cannot but think with tender emotion on the darkness which has so soon swallowed the brief and meteoric splendor of her career; while we should deem that reader of perceptions strangely blunted, who has never discerned that, with all her vigor and sternness, it was deep and womanly love which filled the inmost fountains of her heart. It is well, too, to remember, that it were an important mistake to test the value of any work, or series of works, by the mere logical truth it contains. The true, the beautiful, and the good, are inalienably allied: in the immeasurable system of education which nature has constructed

around us in this world, their conscious or unconscious influences are perpetually blended; and he who came to unfold celestial and unattainable truth, deemed not his teaching complete, until he turned the eyes of his disciples on the loveliness of the lily and the gay carelessness of the birds. Every tone of true pathos, every revealing glance by which a new aspect of nature's loveliness opens on our eyes—all that tends, in what way soever, to make us nobler, gentler, better—must be reckoned in the account of what an author has conferred upon us.

The name of Currer Bell has constantly been associated with those of her two sisters, Emily and Anne, known in the literary world as Ellis and Acton Bell. The three were the daughters of a clergyman of the Church of England, who, as we learn from the newspapers, still "at Haworth, near Keighley, in Yorkshire," survives his wife and all his children. Genius, as has not unfrequently happened, was, in the case of the three sisters, associated with the seeds of fatal disease; and perhaps our whole literary annals will show no more touching episode than that on which the leaf has just been turned by the death of Currer Bell. It is our present purpose to treat chiefly of the works of this last, but we will be pardoned for making allusion to the others.

Emily Brontë author of "Wuthering Heights," was, we have no hesitation in saying, one of the most extraordinary women that ever lived; we have felt strongly impelled to pronounce her genius more powerful, her promise more rich, even than those of her gifted sister, Charlotte. For receiving this avowal, the reader will be somewhat prepared, by perusing the following sentences from the biographic notice, brief, but of thrilling interest, of her two sisters, given to the world by Currer Bell:—"My sister Emily first declined. The details of her illness are deep-branded in my memory; but to dwell on them, either in thought or narrative, is not in my power. Never in all her life had she lingered over any task that lay before her, and she did not linger now. She sank rapidly. She made haste to leave us. Yet, while physically she perished, mentally she grew stronger than we had yet known her. Day by day, when I saw with what front she met suffering, I looked on her with an anguish of wonder and love. I have seen nothing like it; but, indeed, I have never seen her parallel in anything. Stronger than a man, simpler than a child, her nature stood alone. The awful point was, that, while full of ruth for others, on herself she had no pity; the spirit was inexorable to the flesh; from the trembling hand, the unnerved limbs, the faded eyes, the

same service was exacted as they had rendered in health."

The picture thus vividly drawn of a frail form standing up undaunted in the scowl of death, should be kept before us as we turn to the work left us by Ellis Bell. It were a strange and surely a distempered criticism which hesitated to pass sentence of condemnation on "Wuthering Heights." We have no such hesitation. Canons of art sound and imperative, true tastes and natural instincts, of which these canons are the expression, unite in pronouncing it unquestionably and irredeemably monstrous. If there is any truth or indication of truth in all that the most artistic of nations alleged concerning the line of beauty, if it is true that in every work of art, however displayed, we must meet the proofs of moderation, of calmness, of tempered and mastered power, if it is a reasonable demand that the instances of nature's abortion, from which we would turn away in the street, that objects and incidents which awake no higher emotion than abhorrent disgust, be honored with no embalming rites, but left to be taken out of our sight, like dead dogs and carrion, by that nature which never perpetuates what is gross or noisome, this work must be condemned. On the dark brow and iron cheek of Heathcliff, there are touches of the Miltonic fiend; but we shrink in mere loathing, in "unequivocal contempt," from the base wretch who can use his cruelty as the tool of his greed, and whose cruelty itself is so unredeemed by any resistance or stimulant, as to expend itself on a dying son or a girl's poodle. There are things which the pen of history cannot be required to more than touch on and pass by; we desire not admittance into the recesses of the palace of Sujah Dowlah, we will not penetrate the privacy of the Cæsars; and if the historic artist must at times show us the darkest evil, that we may avoid it, or sweep it from the earth, neither his nor any other art can altogether forego the glorious privilege of washing its creations in pure water, and shunning, at least, the foul and offensive. The whole atmosphere, too, of this fiction is distempered, disturbed, and unnatural; fever and malaria are in the air; the emotions and the crimes are on the scale of madness; and, as if earthly beings, and feelings called terrestrial, were not of potency sufficient to carry on this exciting drama, there are dangerous, very ghostly personages, of the spectral order, introduced, and communings held with the spirit-world, which would go far to prove Yorkshire the original locality of spirit-rapping. All this is true, and no reader of the book will deem our mode of expressing it severe; yet we have perfect confidence in pointing to "Wuthering Heights," as a work which contains evidence of powers

it were perhaps impossible to estimate, and wealth it were vain to compute. A host of Titans would make wild work, if directed by a child to overturn the mountains; a host of dwarfs would do little good or harm in any case; but bring your Titans under due command, set over them a judgment that can discern and command, and hill will rise swiftly over hill, till the pyramid is scaling the sky. The powers manifested in this strange book seem to us comparable to such a Titan host; and we know no task beyond their might, had they been ruled by a severe taste and discriminating judgment. The very ability to conceive and project, with such vivid boldness, that wild group of characters, the unmeasured distance into which recedes all that is conventional, customary, or sentimental, the tremendous strength and maturity of the style, would be enough to justify our words. The very absurdities and exaggerations of the construction and characters lend their testimony here. Not for a moment, with such materials, could the aim of art be attained, could belief, in some sense and for some space, be produced, save by commanding powers. It may be the wild and haggard pageantry of a dream at which we gaze, but it is a dream we can never forget; and though the dissent and negation of our reason are, when we pause, explicit, yet we no sooner resign ourselves to the spell of the magician, than we feel powerless to disbelieve; in the strength of the assertion, we overlook its absurdity. Touching the character of Heathcliff, moreover, and with less expressness, of that of Cathy Earnshaw, we have a remark to make, which we would extend to certain of the characters of Currer Bell, and which might, we think, go far to point out a psychological defence, to be urged with some plausibility, of much that is extravagant and revolting in either case. The power over the mind of what Mr. Carlyle calls "fixed idea," is well known; the possession of the whole soul by one belief or aim produces strange and unaccountable effects, co-mingling strength and weakness, kindness and cruelty, and seeming, at least at first sight, to compromise the very unity of nature. Ellis Bell, in "Wuthering Heights," deals with a kindred, though somewhat different phenomenon; she deals not with intellect, but emotion; she paints the effects of one overmastering feeling, the maniac actings of him who has quaffed one draught of maddening passion; and the passion she has chosen is love. There is still a gleam of nobleness, of natural human affection, in the heart of Heathcliff in the days of his early love for Cathy, when he rushes so manfully at the bull-dog which has seized her, and after she is safe in Thrushcross Grange, sets himself again on the windowledge to watch how matters go on, "because," says he, "if Catherine had wished to return, I

intended shattering their great glass panes to a million fragments, unless they let her out;" but we watch that same boyish heart, until, in the furnace of hopeless and agonizing passion, it becomes as insensible to any tender emotion, or indeed any emotion save one, as a mass of glowing iron to a drop of dew.

Heathcliff's original nature is seen only in the outgoing of his love towards Cathy; there alone he is human, if he is frenzied; in all other cases, he is a fiend. As his nature was never good, as there was always in it the hidden elements of the sneak and the butcher, the whole of that semi-vital life which he retains towards the rest of the world is ignoble and revolting. His sorrow has been to him moral death; with truly diabolic uniformity, every exercise of power possible to him upon any creature, rational or irrational (Cathy, of course, excepted), is made for its torment. He seems in one-half of his nature to have lost all sensibility, to be unconscious that human beings suffer pain; the great agony of passion has burned out of his bosom the chords of sympathy which linked him to his kind, and left him in that ghastly and fiendish solitude, which it is awful to dream of as a possible element in the punishment of hell. However frightful the love scenes in the death-chamber of Cathy (and we suppose there is nothing at all similar to these in the range of literature), we feel that we are in the presence of a man; when we think on his early roamings with his lost and dying love on the wild moors, we can even perceive, stealing over the heart, a faint breath of sympathy; but when he leaves the world of his real existence—the world of his love for Cathy, whether as a breathing woman, or as the wraith which he still loves on—we shrink from him as from a corpse, made more ghastly by the hideous movements of galvanism. Somewhat different is the effect of the same passion upon Cathy. Hers was originally a brave, and beautiful, and essentially noble nature; through all her waywardness, we can love her still; and though her love for Heathcliff costs her her life, it never scathes and sears her soul into a calcined crag like his. To the last, her heart and imagination can bear her to the wild flowers she used to gather amid the heath; strange and wraithlike as she grows in the storm of that resistless passion, we know full well that no mean, or cruel, or unwomanly thought could enter her breast. Viewed as a psychological study of this sort, a defence might, we say, be set up for the choice of these two characters; and when thus confessedly morbid, their handling will be allowed to be masterly. Nor can it be alleged that instances of similar passion, attended by like results, are not to be met with in real life. Madness, idiocy, and death, are acknowledged to follow misguided or hopeless affection; in the

case both of Cathy and Heathcliff, there was unquestionably a degree of the first; only, we submit that bedlam is no legitimate sphere of art. Of one thing, however, there can be no doubt: the girl's hand which drew Heathcliff and Cathy, which never shook as it brought out those lines of agony on cheek and brow, and never for a moment lost its strength and sweep in flourish or bravura, was such as has seldom wielded either pen or pencil.

We might descant at great length on the variety of power displayed in this extraordinary book; but we should leave it without conveying an idea, even partially correct, of its general character, if we omitted to notice those touches of nature's softest beauty, those tones of nature's softest melody which are blended, so cunningly as to excite no sense of discord, with its general excitement and gloom. We cannot forbear quoting here a passage which seems to us deeply suggestive; the speaker is a young girl, and he of whom she speaks a boy about her own age:—

"One time, however, we were near quarrelling. He said the pleasantest manner of spending a hot July day was lying from morning till evening on a bank of heath in the middle of the moors, with the bees humming dreamily about among the bloom, and the larks singing high up overhead, and the blue sky and bright sun shining steadily and cloudlessly. That was his perfect idea of heaven's happiness. Mine was, rocking in a rustling green tree, with a west wind blowing, and bright, white clouds flitting rapidly above; and not only larks, but thrushes, and blackbirds, and linnets, and cuckoos, pouring out music on every side, and the moors seen at a distance, broken into cool, dusky dells; but close by great swells of long grass undulating in waves to the breeze; and woods, and sounding water, and the whole world awake and wild with joy. He wanted all to lie in an ecstasy of peace; I wanted all to sparkle and dance in a glorious jubilee."

Does this not bear witness to much? None but the youthful sympathy of a green heart could have won access to that child's heaven; none but a free, and elastic, and loving nature could thus, with the inimitable touch of truth and reality, have heard, through the ear of that glad girl, in the joy-toned anthem of bird, and water, and rustling branch, the very music of heaven; while the faithfulness of the picture, the perfect and effortless realization of the whole summer scene, so that we hear that west wind, and see those bright white clouds—the cumulous clouds which, the summer long, are the flocks of the west wind—and scent that bloom of the warm, waving heather, is demonstration absolutely sufficient of that inborn love of nature's joy and beauty which never yet dwelt in a narrow or unworthy breast. This little extract, too, is sufficient to prove matu-

rity and excellence of style. There is a free, strong, graceful force in every line; there is no dallying, no second touch; the little scene groups itself gracefully together as if to that summer music.

We have already lingered too long with Ellis Bell. We make no more than an allusion to her poetry. It is characterized by strength and freshness, and by that original cadence, that power of melody, which, be it wild, or tender, or even at times harsh, we never heard before, and know to come at first-hand from nature, as her sign of the born poet. We have not minutely compared the poetry of the three sisters; but, in spite of a prevailing opinion to the contrary, we scruple not to declare, that the clear result of what examination we have made is the conclusion that Ellis Bell's is beyond measure the best.

But, after all, we must pronounce what has been left us by this wonderful woman, unhealthy, immature, and worthy of being avoided. "Wuthering Heights" belongs to the horror school of fiction, and is involved in its unequivocal and unexcepting condemnation. We say not that a mind, inured to the task, cannot, by careful scrutiny and severe discrimination, derive valuable hints and important exercise from such works; we may trace and emulate the strength of touch and the richness of color, while we detest the subject; we may listen to the snatches of woodland music, and thrill to every tint of woodland beauty, in the neighborhood of the hyena's den. But we do not for this recall our condemnation. At the foot of the gallows, touches of nature's tenderness may be marked: in the pallid face of the criminal we may note workings of emotion not to be seen elsewhere; and anatomy might be studied, with both novelty and force of instruction, in the quivering of the muscles and wrenching of the forehead of one who lay on the wheel; but it admits not of question, that the general effect of such spectacles is brutalizing, and we would therefore without hesitation terminate their publicity. On exactly the same grounds, would we bid our readers avoid works of distempered excitement; even when such are of the highest excellence in their class, as those of Ellis Bell and Edgar Poe, we would deliberately sentence them to oblivion: their general effect is to produce a mental state alien to the calm energy and quiet homely feelings of real life, to make the soul the slave of stimulants, and these of the fiercest kind, and, whatever morbid irritability may for the time be fostered, to shrivel and dry up those sympathies which are the most tender, delicate, and precious. Works like those of Edgar Poe and this "Wuthering Heights" must be plainly declared to blunt, to brutalize, and to enervate the mind. Of the poetry, also, of Ellis Bell, it must be said that it is not healthful; that it

beauty is allied to that wild loveliness which may gleam on the hectic cheek, or move while it startles, as we listen to maniac ravings. And wherefore this unchanging wail, whence this perpetual and inexpressible melancholy, in the poems of one so young? What destiny is it with which this young heart so vainly struggles, and by which it is overcome? Is it possible that, under the sunny azure of an English sky, and while the foot is on English moors, so utter a sadness may descend on a girl, whom we expect to find "a metaphor of spring, and mirth, and gladness," the sister of the fawn and the linnet? The spectacle is deeply touching, and, alas! the explanation is at hand; an explanation which, while it leaves untouched the assertion that the beauty of these poems is that of the blighted flower, changes every feeling with which we might momentarily regard their author into pitying sorrow. Her genius was yoked with death; it never freed itself from the dire companionship, never rose into freedom and clearness: as in the old Platonic chariot, her soul, borne by her winged genius, rose strong and daring towards the empyrean, but ere it breathed the pure serene, that black steed, which was also yoked indissolubly to the car, dragged her downwards even to the grave. Her poetry, whatever tones of true and joyful lyric music it may at intervals afford, is, as a whole, but the wild wailing melody to which was fought the battle between genius and death.

Of Anne Brontë, known as Acton Bell, we have scarce a remark to make. In her life, too, sadness was the reigning element, but she possessed no such strong genius as her sister. "Anne's character," says Currer Bell, "was more subdued; she wanted the power, the fire, the originality of her sister, but was well endowed with quiet virtues of her own. Long-suffering, self-denying, reflective, and intelligent, a constitutional reserve and taciturnity placed and kept her in the shade, and covered her mind, and especially her feelings, with a sort of nun-like veil, which was rarely lifted." Her death is thus recorded by the same authority: — "She (Ellis) was not buried ere Anne fell ill. She had not been committed to the grave a fortnight, before we received distinct intimation that it was necessary to prepare our minds to see the younger sister go after the elder. Accordingly, she followed in the same path, with slower step, and with a patience that equalled the other's fortitude. I have said that she was religious, and it was by leaning on those Christian doctrines in which she firmly believed, that she found support through her most painful journey. I witnessed their efficacy in her latest hour and greatest trial, and must bear testimony to the calm triumph with which they brought her through." She died May 28, 1849. The last lines written by Acton Bell are so full of pathos, awaken

a sorrow so holy and ennobling, and breathe a faith so strong and tranquil, that we cannot pass them by: —

I hoped that with the brave and strong
My portion'd task might lie;
To toil amid the busy throng,
With purpose pure and high.

But God has fixed another part,
And he has fixed it well:
I said so with my bleeding heart,
When first the anguish fell.

Thou, God, hast taken our delight,
Our treasured hope, away:
Thou bidd'st us now weep through the night,
And sorrow through the day.

These weary hours will not be lost,
These days of misery,
These nights of darkness, anguish-tost,
Can I but turn to thee:

With secret labor to sustain
In humble patience every blow;
To gather fortitude from pain,
And hope and holiness from wo.

Thus let me serve thee from my heart,
Whate'er may be my written fate;
Whether thus early to depart,
Or yet awhile to wait.

If thou should'st bring me back to life,
More humbled I should be;
More wise, more strengthened for the strife,
More apt to lean on thee.

Should death be standing at the gate,
Thus should I keep my vow;
But, Lord! whatever be my fate,
Oh, let me serve thee now!"

"These lines written," adds Currer Bell, "the desk was closed, the pen laid aside, for ever."

It may well be doubted whether any more than a faint and mournful reminiscence of Ellis and Acton Bell will survive the generation now passing away: but the case is widely different with the eldest of the sisters. Currer Bell has won for herself a place in our literature from which she cannot be deposed; her influence will long be felt, as a strong plastic energy, in the literature of Britain and the world; the language of England will retain a trace of her genius. We have no intention, at present, to subject her works to a detailed criticism; we purpose merely to wander once again over certain of those pleasant places whither her genius first led us, and listening to her words as those of one who scrupled not to assume the tone of a censor of her age, and considered every word she penned matter of conscientious regard, to endeavor to define, briefly and articulately, the worth of her teaching.

One word may not be superfluous as to the form of her works. We view the novel in one principal aspect—as allied to, and contrasted with, history. The history of a nation of which we as yet know nothing, is to us a novel on a grand scale; it has its incidents more stirring than imagination ever painted, its characters more startling and inexplicable, its plot more dark and undiscoverable; and the historian, who is a true artist, will lead us, in earnest curiosity, along the path of Providence, and by no anachronism of anticipation or disclosure will blunt the feelings of wonder and admiration with which, at the right moment, we behold the curtain rise. The novel is the history of domestic life, and if written with resolute regard to its nature and theme, may be of truth equal to that of history. Nay, we deem it undeniable, that when thus rigorously considered, the novel is a species of composition which cannot, and ought not to be dispensed with. The great lessons for which Providence finds a voice in the warlike contentings or peaceful labors of nations, in their growth and decline, in their birth, glory, and death, we all own it our duty to regard; were they unheeded, we feel that one most important portion of that grand system of education to which we formerly alluded, were omitted; and accordingly, with universal consent, we proclaim the task of the historian at once solemn and sublime. But Providence has another stage, where instructions, also of plain and undeniable importance, are administered to men. In domestic life, at the altar and at the death-bed, in the festal assemblage and by the household hearth, the steps of Providence are to be traced; warnings, examples, encouragements, intimations, which, if known and prized, might be more precious to us than rubies, are ever afforded in the common course of life; and if it is right to strengthen and widen our powers of intellectual vision, by watching the dealings of Providence with other nations besides our own, it is assuredly right to extend our knowledge of domestic life beyond the bounds of our own experience, to gain a wider acquaintance than our own circle affords with the perils which may beset our private walk, and to learn how the problems of life have already been solved. The novelist ought to be the recorder of Providence in domestic life—the historian of the fireside—the teacher of the family; and if this great truth were once recognized, we should look with hope for the emergence of a literature, in form and name, for good and obvious reasons, fictitious, but in reality true, and both an honor and a blessing to the nation. We ask not for religious novels alone, any more than we ask merely for ecclesiastical history; the religious life would indeed have its place—a prominent and honored place—and one which it has never yet occu-

ried: but our demand is simply truth; and if we have truth, we fear not for goodness. We demand that the bonds of conventionality, which have crushed the heart out of domestic history, be broken and cast aside, and that the infinity of nature, manifested here as elsewhere, be not narrowed into one unvarying line, which we can soon trace with our eyes shut; that the real emotions of nature, the true tears and laughter of birth-day, of bridal, and of funeral procession, be not vaporized into sickly fancies and feeble sentimentalities, and that we be not perpetually, after a few hackneyed windings, conducted to the same goal. The plots of that history which is distinguished from history proper in that, be its characters who they may, they are treated of in their domestic relations, are as varied as the plots which evolve themselves on the stage of the world; and the true historian in this province, the novelist worthy of honor, will learn to look with as perfect independence and contempt upon the old conventional framework of fiction, as his brother of the more honored, if not higher school, might exhibit when advised to embody his historic creations in the stiff hieroglyphics of Egypt or Nineveh, or in the feather-pictures of Mexico. We are well aware that questions of no slight difficulty would present themselves in an exhaustive treatment of this subject; questions as to the limits of the imaginative and the strictly historic, questions as to the precise nature of the sympathies to which the novelist, in quest of that popularity which, in one sort or other, is indispensable to every literary work, makes legitimate appeal, questions as to that suspicious word and thing, amusement, and its perilous association with instruction, and a great many questions besides. But that we have defined the novel in its primary and central aspect, and that we have pointed to the great law by which it is to be pronounced worthy or worthless; we cannot hesitate to affirm; and the temper of the time, setting so strongly, in the higher regions of thought, towards rugged truth, in preference to smooth falsehood, seems to indicate that there is at length to be a general acknowledgment, that originality in all departments is mainly a power to see, and that he is ever the highest artist who can read off clearly and livingly the truth of nature.

These remarks have a definite and emphatic application to Currer Bell. She professed to be no idle entertainer; she expressly avows that she draws no model characters. She did not, indeed, tag on a moral to the end of her book, else it had been little worth, or even blazon it on its surface; but she professed to write truly, to show living men and women, meeting the exigencies, grappling with the problems of real life, to point out how the battle goes in private circles, between pretension

and reality, between falsehood and truth; if we were content to listen to her as a historian, she relinquished with a smile the laurel of the romancer. She was the sworn foe of conventionality, and the whole tone of her writings evinces her desire to fling off its trammels. To what extent she succeeded we may learn as we proceed, but must first refer to a few of the general characteristics of her works.

The style of Currer Bell is one which will reward study for its own sake. Its character is directness, clearness, force. We could point to no style which appears to us more genuinely and nobly English. Prompt and business-like, perfectly free of obscurity, refining, or involution, it seems the native garment of honest passion and clear thought, the natural dialect of men that can work and will. It reminds us of a good highway among English hills; leading straight to its destination, and turning aside for no rare glimpse of landscape, yet bordered by dewy fields, and woods, and crags, with a mountain-stream here rolling beneath it, and a thin cascade here whitening the face of the rock by its side: utility embosomed in beauty. Perhaps its tone is somewhat too uniform, the balance and cadence too unvaried; perhaps, also, there is too much of the abruptness of passion; we should certainly set it far below many styles in richness, delicacy, calmness, and grace: but there is no writer whose style we would pronounce a universal model; and for simple narrative, for the relation of what we would hear with all speed, yet with a spice of accompanying pleasure, this style is a model as nearly perfect as we can conceive. And its beauty is so genuine and honest! We are at first at a loss to account for the charm which breathes around, filling the air as with the fragrance of roses after showers; but the secret cannot long remain hidden from the poor critic, who must know how he is delighted; it lies in the perfect honesty, combined with the perfect accuracy, of the sympathy with nature's beauty which dwells in the breast of the author, it lies in the fact that she has ever loved the dew-drop, the daisy, the mountain-bird, the vernal branch, and that now, uncalled and unconsciously, to the smile of sympathy, the flowers and the dew-drops come to soften and adorn her page.

Of Currer Bell's love of nature we wish we had space to speak at some length: we can offer merely one or two remarks. There is nothing so commonly mimicked, and there are few things so rarely displayed, as genuine love and accurate knowledge of nature. The truth is, nature is somewhat difficult to know: we think not of noting the tints in a picture which has hung in our eyes since childhood; and whatever we may say of universal beauty, we have become perfectly assured of this, that

he who sets himself really to watch nature will find the beauty of her general aspect merely the contrast by which she illustrates her moods and moments—the every-day dress by which she sets off her jewellery—and that few indications can be surer of a want of delicate appreciation of the loveliness of sky, and cloud, and mountain, than the commonplace prating about all being beautiful which we behold. Currer Bell, like her sister Ellis, gives us such pictures of nature, so detailed, so definite, so unmistakable, so fresh, that they rise before us like a reminiscence, or give us an assurance as of eyesight. We could quote, in illustration of these remarks, passage after passage of perfect truth, not in any measure the less true that the scenes described have been seen by the eye of an original imagination, or that an exquisite fancy has at times flung a little pearl-wreath round the dove's neck, where nature's touches of azure and gold were first discerned. Among the more ordinary but most easily appreciable, is that careless passing description in the third volume of "Shirley," of the general effect of an east wind in a cloudless August sky, and the sudden change to the west:—"It was the close of August: the weather was fine—that is to say, it was very dry and very dusty, for an arid wind had been blowing from the east this month past: very cloudless, too, though a pale haze, stationary in the atmosphere, seemed to rob of all depth of tone the blue of heaven, of all freshness the verdure of earth, and of all glow the light of day. . . . But there came a day when the wind ceased to sob at the eastern gable of the rectory, and at the oriel window of the church. A little cloud like a man's hand arose in the west; gusts from the same quarter drove it on, and spread it wide; wet and tempest prevailed awhile. When that was over, the sun broke out genially, heaven regained its azure, and earth its green; the livid cholera-tint had vanished from the face of nature; the hills rose clear round the horizon, absolved from that pale malaria-haze." Not more true, but more rare, is the following bit of woodland painting, which, we humbly submit, is worthy of Wordsworth:—"I know all the pleasantest spots: I know where we could get nuts in nutting-time; I know where wild strawberries abound; I know certain lonely, quite untrodden glades, carpeted with strange mosses, some yellow as if gilded, some a sober gray, some gem-green. I know groups of trees, that ravish the eye with their perfect, picture-like effects: rude oak, delicate birch, glossy beech, clustered in contrast; and ash-trees stately as Saul, standing isolated, and superannuated wood-giants clad in bright shrouds of ivy." The reader of these works will know we could quote similar, and indeed far more striking, sketches from every chapter.

Allied with this power of original and loving observation of nature, and here naturally claiming our attention, the imaginative faculty of Currer Bell was altogether new and remarkable. It would lead us very far to discuss and determine the relations and distinctions between the powers of perception, of imagination, and of thought. We lean to the belief, that a definite line cannot be drawn between them; that it is not possible in every case to distinguish between the piercing glance which perceives, and the imaginative gaze which bestows—between the strong memory which retains, and the clear conception which recalls. We doubt not that the imagination of Currer Bell was concerned in every embracing look she cast over nature; and we should deem it a vain essay to disentangle the complexity of faculty by which so fair a variety of beauty was lured to her page. But there are effects of imagination which are unmistakably its own, where no scene or form of nature is recalled, but where, from her tints and her lines, a chosen number are selected, and the whole arranged anew by a power which we must name creative. We may falter in defining the precise faculty which enables us to paint perfectly the waving corn or the glowing garden; but we own the magic of imagination at once, when, in the midst of her gardens, or surrounded by glad reapers and crowned with the yellow sheaf, the Flora or the Ceres stands before us. And it is to efforts of the imaginative faculty thus unmistakable, that we direct attention in the case before us. There are pieces of poetic creation in the prose works of Currer Bell, distinct, not only from the general texture of her composition, but, so far as we know, from anything in the English language. They are not of great number, but so distinct are they and striking, that every one of them could, after a single perusal of her works, be pointed out. The three pictures selected by Rochester from Jane's portfolio, the Mermaid and Nereides in "Shirley," and a few such, exhaust the list. We shall select one as an example, perhaps the finest, yet closely resembling in all important particulars the others—the personification of nature in the second volume of "Shirley":—

"The gray church, and grayer tombs, look divine with this crimson gleam on them. Nature is now at her evening prayers; she is kneeling before those red hills. I see her prostrate on the great steps of her altar, praying for a fair night for mariners at sea, for travellers in deserts, for lambs in moors, and unfledged birds in woods. . . . I saw—I now see—a woman-Titan; her robe of blue air spreads to the outskirts of the heath, where yonder flock is grazing; a veil, white as an avalanche, sweeps from her head to her

feet, and arabesques of lightning flame on its borders. Under her breast I see her zone, purple like that horizon; through its blush shines the star of evening. Her steady eyes I cannot picture—they are clear, they are deep as lakes, they are lifted and full of worship, they tremble with the softness of love and the lustre of prayer. Her forehead has the expanse of a cloud, and is paler than the early moon, risen long before dark gathers; she reclines her bosom on the ridge of Stilbro Moor, her mighty hands are joined beneath it. So kneeling, face to face she speaks with God."

We have nothing in the poetry of Currer Bell to compare with this. There seems to us a grandeur of conception, a strength and sweep of line, a calm and beautiful glow of color, a Grecian harmony and finish, in the whole creation, which would render no epithet of applause extravagant: it has the unity of poetry. Had it been wrapped in a garment of visible harmony, it would have been recognized as one of the most powerful and beautiful personifications in the range of our poetic literature. We might speak in similar terms of her pictures of the Mermaid and the Nereides: by the wizard and plastic might of her imagination, the sea-woman is once more informed with life, and glares appalling from the ridge of the wave; by the same original energy, the poetic dream of the old Greek mind is rescued from enveloping oblivion, and the daughters of Nereus, filmy as the foam amid which they glide, rise spectral before us, as they did to the eyes of the young bard of Helas, who wandered belated by the moonlit surge of the Ægean. Passages of solitary brilliancy are of frequent occurrence in all our more imaginative prose-writers; apostrophic bursts and long elaborate smiles are abundantly to be met with; but the clear and separate creation of poetry, the group or the figure, fairly chiselled from the flawless marble and left for ever in the loneliness of their beauty, we know not to have been ever formally (though it might be with half-unconsciousness) introduced into English prose, save by Currer Bell.

But we must hurry on. Without even glancing at the construction and general characteristics of the three novels, "Jane Eyre," "Shirley," and "Villette," we can, in a single word, point out the peculiar strength of Currer Bell as a novelist, what would be called her *forte*. It is that to which allusion was made in speaking of "Wuthering Heights," the delineation of one relentless and tyrannizing passion. In hope, in ardor, in joy, with proud, entrancing emotion, such as might have filled the breast of him who bore away the fire of Jove, love is at first wooed to the breast. But a storm as of fate awakens: the blue sky

is broken into lightnings, and hope smitten dead; and now the love which formerly was a dove of Eden is changed into a vulture, to gnaw the heart retained in its power by bands of adamant. As the victim lies on his rock, the whole aspect of the world changes to his eye. Ordinary pleasures and ordinary pains are alike unheeded and powerless; no dance of the nymphs of ocean can attract the wan eye, or for a moment turn that vulture aside. Such a passion is the love of Rochester for Jane, perhaps in a somewhat less degree, is that of Jane for Rochester; such, slightly changed in aspect, is the passion beneath which Caroline pines away, and which convulses the brave bosom of Shirley. With steady and daring hand, Currer Bell depicts this agony in all its stages; we may weep and tremble, but we feel that her nerves do not quiver, that her eye is unfilmed; and so perfect is the verisimilitude, nay the truth, of the delineation, that we cannot for a moment doubt that living hearts have actually throbbed with this passion. It is matter, we believe, of universal assent, that Currer Bell here stands almost alone among the female novelists of Britain, and we doubt whether, however they surpass her in the variety of their delineations, there is any novelist of the other sex who, in this department, has excelled her power.

In taking up finally the inquiry, What positive lesson, moral or intellectual, did Currer Bell read to her age, we would make one or two suggestions of a general nature, which the reader must follow out for himself, putting to the account of our author all the real treasure to which they may guide him. In these works, there is a universal assertion of rights and emotions stamped by the seal-royal of nature, against the usurpation of avarice and mode. The passion which is kindled really by nature, though the hearts in which it glows may be far asunder, shall burn its way, through station, through prejudice, through all obstacles that can oppose it, until the fires unite, and rise upwards in one white flame. The true love of Rochester for the governess he employs, the true love of the rich and brilliant Shirley for her tutor, must finally triumph: Nature and Custom contend, and the "anarch old" goes down. It is always so; the sympathy with nature's strength and reality is unchanging, and of course admirable. Poltroonery, too, of all sorts, baseness, feeble pretension, and falsehood, are crowned with their rightful scorn. Valor, fortitude, strength of will, and all the stalwart virtues that bear the world before them, are honored and illustrated. The great duty of submission, without fainting or murmuring, to the decrees of Providence, is proclaimed with overwhelming power, and indeed with an iteration which makes us at times fain to cry out, that this is Currer Bell's

one lecture, which we may expect at any moment to be held by the button-hole to hear. "I disapprove everything utopian. Look life in its iron face, stare reality out of its brassy countenance:" this is the gist of all her moralizing. We deem worthy of special remark a particular instance in which we have this great lesson, or one nearly allied to it, enforced; in all of fiction that we ever read, we could point to no case of instruction, at once so practical, so impressive, and so precious. It is a particular touch in the delineation of the triumph of resolution and principle in the breast of Jane Eyre. The conflict is at its height. Reason and conscience falter, and will give no clear decision; they seem inclined rather to regard surrender as a less evil than the possible suicide of Rochester. Then it is that the epic heroism of little Jane, while it reaches the climax of its grandeur, reaches also the height of its practical value. "I had no solace from self-approbation: not even from self-respect. I had injured—wounded—left my master. I was hateful in my own eyes. Still, I could not turn, nor retrace one step. God must have led me on. As to my own will or conscience, impassioned grief had trampled one, and stifled the other." The same phase of her agony had been presented shortly before, and perhaps with still greater force. We believe this no mere imaginary picture; we believe there are situations in life when blackness is overhead and desolation within, and not anything remains but an indestructible, unaccountable, scarce conscious instinct of duty; when the soul may be likened to one who clings to a rope in a swoon, while a great billow goes over him, and his only chance is, that the senseless hand still hold spasmodically on. In the hour of sorest need, the figure of that invincible girl may rise, with a look of real and potent encouragement, to steel many a heart to defy the devil to the last.

There being thus much of what is stirring and healthful in the works of Currer Bell, can we close with a declaration that the region in which her characters move is the highest and purest, and that she has solved, or hinted how we may solve, the social problems which at present confront the earnest and practical mind? We cannot: we must record our distinct and unalterable negative in either case. Her works are the ovation of passion: it may be true, it may be noble, it may be allied with principle, but passion is ever the conqueror and king: the joys of existence which have any real point, the sorrows which have any real bitterness, are alike in the dispensation of passion. Is more than a word necessary to make this assertion good? Who sees not more to be desired in the very anguish of the love of Caroline or Shirley, than in the blanched existence of Miss Ainley? Do we

not mark St. John Rivers go away, joyless and marble-cold, on his high mission, while passion welcomes back Jane to his burning, bliss-giving arms? Where passion appears, all becomes real and alive: where passion is not, the widest philanthropy, the holiest devotion, are powerless to confer happiness. And shall we thus crown Passion, and bend the knee before him? By no means. Passion, when alone, is essentially and ignobly selfish. Despite a barren kindness of heart, the existence of Rochester is utterly selfish: *his* luckless marriage, *his* impure loves, *his* interesting sorrows, have eaten up the substance of his life; one would say, were he a sound example, that a man was linked by no duties to his fellows, that, in a world like this, a man, without being coward or catiff, could be occupied solely by self. "Love thy neighbor as thyself:" know thyself a unit among millions: perform the duties God has assigned thee towards thyself, but value not that self beyond any other of a million units. How thorough the reversal of the whole manner of Mr. Rochester's existence, which would be wrought by the simple adoption, as its leading principle, of this divine motto of Christian philanthropy, in which is bound up the regeneration of the world! There *must* be a love higher than that of mere passion; and there must be joys, moral, intellectual, spiritual, whose pure oil can make the lamp of life burn as clearly and cheerily as the flame of passion, and far more beautifully. To say otherwise, were to utter a libel upon nature, to impugn the justice and love of God. Of such a love, Currer Bell gives us no representation; nay, she gives us a caricature thereof, which, while wondrous in execution, is utterly false. St. John had no affection for Jane which could be named love; and it is to be regretted that she did not think of cutting short all his fine speeches, by simply pointing him to the measure allotted to connubial affection by Paul, and telling him that, unless he felt within him the power to love her as his own soul, nay, with an unutterable force of af-

fection to be compared with the infinite love of Christ for His own body, His own church, he committed a *sin* in asking her to become his wife. There must be an altar on which terrestrial and celestial love can blend their fires; if passion is the whole of love, it must debase and not ennoble.

When we speak of those practical problems, on which Currer Bell has touched, but which she has not solved, we refer specially to the dreary pictures she draws, in "Shirley," of the social standing of woman. Marriage, we are told, is the one hope of the great majority of England's daughters, a hope destined, in countless cases, to be never realized; a youth of scheming inanity, deriving a faint animation from this hope, must fade into a blighted and solitary age. The authority of a lady may be taken as conclusive of the state of the case here; but when we assent to her allegations, and paragraph after paragraph has impressed them on our minds, we have no more by way of remedy, than a sentence of general and valueless exhortation to fathers to cultivate the minds of their daughters. There is nothing in the works of Currer Bell to assure us that any amount of cultivation will produce fresh and satisfying happiness, unless that one wish which she points to is gratified; she indicates no fields of pleasure accessible to all; she exhibits not the means of the cultivation she commends, and leaves us to guess the connection between culture and enjoyment. With all her protest against conventionality, and though it is assuredly true that somewhat of the conventional apparatus of the novelist—personal beauty, for instance—is got quit of, we must pronounce the works of Currer Bell conventional throughout. The conventional turning up of wealth, the conventional Eden of marriage, we find here still; passion alone is not conventional. The hand of this gifted woman had power, we think, to paint a daughter of England gladdening and beautifying her existence, though the light of passion never rose upon her path: but this she has not done.

THE BAPTIST HISTORICAL SOCIETY has received, during the past year, many rare gifts, among others a manuscript history written by the Rev. Morgan Edwards; also, a history of the Baptists in Delaware state, vol. 3, never published; several rare manuscript volumes in the German language, as early as 1746 and 1762; and a set of communion-service carved out of solid wood, and used by the Seventh-Day Brethren, at Ephrata. — Rev. Dr. Peck, of Illinois, has published a memoir of Rev. James Clark, the first man who preached the Gospel west of the Mississippi.

At a Ministerial Meeting in Lafayette, Ia., the other day, the Pastors of the Churches resolved that henceforth they would read no "Notices" from their pulpits unless they directly pertained to the advancement of religion or morality; it being their opinion that Pulpits are sought as mediums of advertising, by persons too stingy to pay for an insertion in the papers. In a certain city, recently, notices were sent to the pastors to be read, stating where and how any person in need could secure the services of a nurse!

From Chambers's Journal.

THE SERF MARRIAGE.

A GROUP of girls were collected round the door of an isba, or log-hut, in the village of Gorky, belonging to General Petrovich. They were all dressed in the national costume of the government of Toula, consisting of a long white gown, over which they wore a plaid worsted tunic, short and narrow, while a low bodice, with narrow shoulder-straps, confined a loose puffed white muslin chemise. Their hair was combed off the face in one long plait, from which hung a profusion of ribbons of all colors down their backs; a quantity of bright-colored glass-beads hung on each side of their faces, and round their necks: these formed the more ornamental items of their dress, which was otherwise only completed by a very thick and serviceable pair of leathern shoes.

By the earnestness of their gestures, and the apparent interest of their conversation, it was easy to see something unpleasant had lately occurred. After a little time, they all dispersed except two, who remained at the door of the hut spinning, between whom the following conversation took place:—

"Nadegda, dost thou really believe the master will oblige one of us girls to marry that ugly, ill-tempered fellow, Kit? What possible inducement is there? He possesses neither horse nor cow; his isba is in the worst condition of any in the village; and beside his own devilish propensities—that are only safely to be encountered when one makes the holy sign and prays to St. Sergius—he has his old witch of a grandmother, and his hidden mother, for his wife to work and care for. No; most certainly not one of us girls will consent to have him."

"As to that, Katinka, thou sayest true; but from what I heard my father say yesterday, the master is determined none of the strong, hard-working lads are to be sent as soldiers; and, as thou well knowest, while single they are all liable to be taken as recruits."

"Tell me again," said the first speaker, "what said thy father. Unfortunately this news comes from good authority; who should know better than the sarosta* what is doing in the village?"

"I'll gladly tell thee all I know," replied the sarosta's daughter. "Last night, when my father came home, he told us that Borisoff, the land-steward, had received letters from our master, telling him that all the family are coming here immediately to spend a year. Owing to some severe losses sustained at cards, his excellency comes down to live quiet and economize. Several of the free servants have been discharged; and for fear any of the good hands should be taken by the recruiting-party, he has sent orders they shall all marry. Now, Peter the blacksmith is betrothed to Nadine, and they will be glad enough to get the wedding over. Paul has received the same orders; and I know more than

one girl who would not refuse him. Eh, Katinka, why blushest thou?"

"Hold thy nonsense, Nadegda, and finish thy story: this is no joking matter."

"Well, the end is this, dusha mia (my soul). As to the other lads, they are well enough off to buy themselves wives from the crown-villages; but who Kit will find I know not, for his reputation of casting the Evil Eye is well known hereabouts, and, besides dreadful things are told of his family."

"For Heaven's sake, do not talk more about him," said Katinka, turning towards the church, and signing herself devoutly; "I shall dread going to sleep to-night for fear of bad dreams. But thou, happy Nadegda, thou hast no fear of being forced to marry against thy will: thy father, being the sarosta, will be able to screen thee; but what say I? Perhaps thou also lovest one of the lads now about to marry. Confess—art thou also betrothed?"

"Oh, Katinka, think not of it: it would be no worse for me to marry Kit than any other lad in the village. I love—yes; but not one in my own station—a free man. Dost thou remember Vladimir, the master's handsome Moscow coachman? Well he, God bless him! has promised to buy my freedom, and marry me." Before Nadegda had well done speaking, her companion burst into a fit of laughter.

"And art thou fool enough to believe him? Why did he not marry thee at once, instead of putting it off?"

"Because my master asked a high price for my freedom, more than Vladimir then possessed," answered Nadegda; "and also because my father could not then give me the dowry Vladimir required, for, remember, when I am his wife I shall no longer wear the village-dress. I am to have a fur cloak, two silk dresses, besides a feather-bed and linen. Father has saved up three hundred roubles in money for us;" and as the young girl spoke, she drew herself up with all the pride of a serf about to become free.

They had scarcely resumed their spinning-wheels, when the sound of post-bells in the distance reached their ears. Moujiks were seen running in all directions, crying, "Here comes the master!" and as the carriages approached nearer, they all uncovered their heads, and assisted to push the heavy equipages up the steep hill leading to the house; several girls standing near also bowed their heads to the ground saying: "Welcome, father and master. Welcome, my mistresses, among your own people. May the Lord bless your high nobility!"

As the general descended, he bowed to all around, and extended his hand for those nearest him to kiss. The ladies stopped also to speak kindly to some of the women and children, and their hands were also covered with kisses. As they passed into the house, the peasants separated to their respective homes. Nadegda alone remained loitering about until late, but she had a companion who stopped to talk with her as he passed and repassed; nay, more, once was he actually seen to kiss her. Yes, the serf-girl was happy; Vladimir was true.

That evening Borisoff was closeted for some

* The sarosta is an old peasant, of a somewhat superior station put over the others to drive them to their work, and see the orders of the land-steward punctually carried out.

hours with the general; and when he left him, the expression of his face was somewhat discomposed and ruffled. The subject of their conference will be learned in the sequel.

Early the next morning, Borisoff sent for the sarosta, Nadeгда's father, and after giving him orders for the day's work, addressed him thus: "Sarosta, hast thou attended to the orders I gave thee respecting the young men's marriages, those named on his excellency's list? If not, see to it without loss of time, for thy master has had great losses, and needs all the good workmen; and, what is more, his temper is not improved under the circumstances, and the lads will be worked all the harder, I promise thee."

"Your honor will be pleased to hear," replied the old man, "that I have arranged that matter as well as possible. All the lads will be mated this week, except that surly fellow Kit, who, as your honor knows, is no favorite in the village, and not one of the wenches will consent to have him. Indeed, I pity the poor thing who would have to wait upon his old folks, who are no better than they should be, if all is true that one hears."

"As to that, sarosta, thou must arrange it as best thou canst; it is as much as my place is worth to tell the general his commands have not been obeyed. Remember, thou hast now received the order, and it rests entirely with thee. Hast thou held out any reward to the girls? Or, if that does not have the desired effect, hast thou promised them a flogging all round? See what that would do."

"I fear, your honor," resumed the sarosta, "it would be of no avail; for it is the belief of them all, that Kit throws the Evil Eye, and even the little children run and hide from him as he comes up the village. However, I will certainly do my best."

On their return from work, the sarosta assembled all the girls, and tried in vain the powers of persuasions and threatenings. Kit was supposed to have something devilish about him; and as the sarosta himself shared in the superstition, he determined to lay the case before his master, although not without fear of the consequences.

The next morning, as the general sat in his elegantly furnished study, smoking a troupkat, the sarosta was announced. General Petroviov ordered him to be admitted immediately. The old man entered; and first turning to the picture hanging in the room, crossed himself devoutly, then bowed low to his master. The general returned the salutation, and then bade him make known his business.

"Your high nobility deigned to order, a day or two ago, that certain of your peasants were to marry, on account of the recruits being taken this summer. Your excellency's commands have been obeyed in all respects save one, for which I humbly beg pardon. Kit, as your excellency doubtless remembers, was always a strange surly fellow."

"But a good and steady workman," interrupted the master.

The sarosta proceeded: "None of the wenches relish the idea of being his wife; and, indeed, to be plain with your high nobility, they one and

all refuse to have anything to do with him. Perhaps your excellency would be pleased to countermand the order, and let him join the recruiting party. The whole village would rejoice to be rid of him."

"Old fool!" exclaimed the general, "dost thou think I am going to part with one of my best hands because you ignorant dogs think he is bewitched? Since when have the sluts dared to have a will of their own? It is high time, indeed, I come among you, to teach you your master's authority! Go, old dog; I'll see he gets a wife. The she-devils shall draw lots for him, and thy daughter into the bargain, to punish thee for thy disobedience; and think thyself well off that I send not for a bundle of rods for thee. Be-gone, dog, or I will strike thee to the earth!" So raved the general in his anger at being thwarted; the old sarosta, trembling and silent, bowed and left the room.

Borisoff, the land steward, was next sent for, and ordered to collect the next morning all the girls above the age of eighteen. "And mind," added the general, "they are all forthcoming—the more the merrier. It will be quite an event in the village, drawing lots for a husband."

At the hour specified next day, all the maidens were to be seen slowly making their way to the house. The sarosta had hard work to make them advance, for they were all more or less terrified at the idea of Kit falling to their share. But none of them looked so pale as poor Nadeгда; only the night before, everything had been settled for the purchase of her freedom. She really loved Vladimir, and was beloved by him. Occasionally, she raised her eyes to see if she could catch sight of him; but he, poor fellow, was not there; although free himself, he dared not dispute the rights of the slaveholder.

In vain did the sarosta expostulate, and try to console the poor girl, by telling her how many chances there were in her favor; but Nadeгда seemed to be weighed down by a presentiment of evil, and cried bitterly: "Oh! why was I born? Oh! why did I not die before this hour of misery?"

As they approached, the general stepped out upon the balcony, followed by the wretched and unpopular Kit. No sooner did they perceive the latter, than the girls began calling him every horrid name they could think of; all but Nadeгда—she had fainted. They were placed in rows in front of the balcony, and Borisoff presented the general with a hat containing the fifty pieces of paper, amongst which was the one with the fatal cross marked on it. The general stood on the steps of the balcony, and desiring that none should open her paper until the hat was emptied, the ceremony began. One by one, the trembling girls made the sign of the cross, then thrust in her hand, and drew out a paper. All were taken, one only remained, and Nadeгда alone was left to take it; she approached, faintly and feebly, supported by her father. But while in the act of extending her hand to draw the lot, her father began to speak.

"Silence!" thundered the general. "Unfold your papers."

As they did so, they screamed with delight: "It is not I!" "It is not I!" and threw them-

selves with their faces on the ground, to thank the saints of their protection. In the midst of this general rejoicing, a piercing shriek was heard which made them all shudder: it came from the unfortunate Nadeжда. She had drawn the fatal cross—a cross which must be borne, as such was the will of her earthly master.

She threw herself at the general's feet, and in the most imploring accents besought him. "Father, have mercy upon me! Master, do with me what thou wilt; make me work night and day; put me in the meanest office, and I will not complain; but I cannot marry him!"—and she pointed to Kit. "Beat me, master; kill me, if you will, and I would thank you on my knees; but think of what you are doing. Remember, I am"—Betrothed, she would have added; but the general roared out with rage:

"Take her away! take her away!" And turning to the sarosta: "Teach your daughter to behave herself in future, and not to have such high-flown ideas. Mind, I will have the wedding over by to-night." So saying, he turned away: the old man lifted up his fair daughter in his arms, and carried her away, without a word; he dared not remonstrate or revolt.

The same evening, Nadeжда—heretofore the pride and beauty of the village, but now pale, cold, and automaton-like—was married to Kit, the general himself witnessing the ceremony. When it was over, he turned to the husband. "Well, my lad, if the girls would not have thee of their own freewill, thou mayest at least thank thy master for the prettiest lass in the whole village."

There was no merry-making at that wedding; the peasants returned to their homes with heavy and resentful hearts; but not one slept that night until they had implored the blessings of the saints on the unfortunate Nadeжда.

That day-week, the general took a drive through his domains. The driver, as usual, was Vladimir, the Moscow coachman, a man so skillful in his business, so careful, so conscientious, that when the reins were in his hand such a thing as an accident was unknown. On that day, the disappointed bridegroom, it may be supposed, was not exactly as happy as when talking to poor Nadeжда about their marriage. At any rate, it was noticed that he was deathly pale, and that his features had a hard, rigid, stony look: but perhaps this was fancy. It may be that his feelings were not the more agreeable from the sight of Kit's isba as he drove past, and from the pale woebegone face in the interior that at the view flitted across his imagination like a spectre. Whether this spectre continued to haunt him during the drive, and to glide and float before the horses' heads so as to dazzle and mislead his vision, no man knows. The only thing that is certain is, that the carriage was upset, and the general, with some difficulty extricated from the shattered vehicle, mortally hurt. He survived only a few hours, and then he died in great agony.

Just before he breathed his last, he murmured: "He has cast the Evil Eye on me:" but no one understood what he meant.*

* This narrative is stated by the writer to be true in every particular.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

MEMOIRS OF JAMES MONTGOMERY.*

BIOGRAPHIES abound, but good biographies are far to seek. Of the illustrious who have lately been removed from amongst us, few indeed have been happy in the memoir-writers into whose hands, whether by selection for the task or not, they have fallen. Recent biographies, to be reckoned almost by the dozen, only tend to enhance our estimate of such performances as Lockhart's life of Scott, Moore's of Byron, and Stanley's of Arnold. James Montgomery deserved a better "life" than the heavy work now before us, which has the advantage of being compiled by devoutly admiring and long attached friends, but the disadvantage of being wrested by their affection and prolixity into a repertory of sadly diffuse and overgrown platitudes. The two volumes now published bring him down to the year 1812 only. They do not

* *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of James Montgomery, including Selections from his Correspondence, Remains in Prose and Verse, and Conversations on Various Subjects.* By John Holland and James Everett. Vols. I., II. London: Longman. 1864.

give us either the life, the whole life, or nothing but the life. They give us intercalated histories of the United Brethren, Herrnhuters, Moravians, Bohemians, or Germans, and paste and scissors' episodes on the services of the Brethren at Fulneck, and the missionary labors of Montgomery's relatives in Barbadoes and Tobago. The style of the dual biographers is not without pomp of phrase and specific gravity of utterance. A copy of verses by Mrs. Holland, which Montgomery once printed in the *Sheffield Iris*, is reproduced in these pages in the following florescent terms: "The poetical corner [of the *Iris*], which had heretofore [1794] been 'The Repository of Genius,' now assumed the less intelligible title of 'Cemptucet, or the Bower of the Muses,' and contained the following Parnassian flower from the pen of a friend, Barbara Hoole — afterwards Mrs. Holland. . . . This not inelegant composition was received with complacency by the editor, as displaying those principles which he would wish to maintain in the '*Iris*;' and it must be confessed that the lines contain touches not unworthy the *Iris de Cielo*, which the author was anxious should shine in the atmosphere of

public favor." "The organization of Montgomery's mind," we are told, *à propos* of his political leaders in the journal aforesaid, "was exquisitely poetical; and never, perhaps, did a person embark on the stormy sea of politics more reluctantly, or was less adapted by talents and disposition to stem the tide or escape the dangers of his situation, than the editor of the 'Iris.' He had none of the qualities of a 'good hater, said to be so essential to success; and while he heard the strains of his country's lyre rising around him, he sighed to swell with his own notes the music which enchanted him."

We are introduced by the Wesleyan editors (who, by the way, are individually champions of the antagonistic parties into which Wesleyanism is now divided) to a Rev. William Miles, as "the author of a 'Chronological History of the Methodists,' a work," Mr. Holland *loquitur*, "the title of which is alone sufficient to indicate a mind of a calmer order. As an Irishman, he had some of the impulsive energy of his countrymen; and as a preacher, he was equally admired and beloved by the more intelligent members of his congregation; while to Montgomery he presented the accidental charm of having known and conversed with Ireland's sweetest poetess — Mrs. Tighe. And while his conscience was stirred, his spirit warmed, and his mind expanded by these ministers, his taste was gratified by the chaste and fervid eloquence of the Rev. Robert Newton, the Apollos of modern Methodism." How pleasant, again, the patronizing tone in which the writer, fond of "chaste and fervid eloquence," refers to Wordsworth's vigorous prose, as exemplified in the pamphlet on the Convention of Cintra, which Mr. Holland assumes to be dead, buried, and forgotten: — "The pamphlet *has* perished as predicted [by Montgomery]; but it seemed due to the generous tone with which the Sheffield poet-politician hailed the patriotic Laker in this instance, to snatch from immediate oblivion this brief memento of a very seasonable and clever production." In this sort of way runs the style of the present Memoirs of James Montgomery. A little amusing sometimes, though on the whole more than a little tedious. One can spare a smile for such didactic platitudes as the ensuing, though one could better spare the platitudes themselves: — "A mere changeling is a pitiable being; and when that change is from bad to worse, the conduct of such a one becomes odious: but there are transformations which are no less signal than laudable. In the estimation of certain parties, any change involves blame; as though it were more honorable to proceed in a reprehensible career than to retreat — more creditable to retain improper opinions than to retract them. Such a sentiment would militate against all scriptural reformation of life or renovation of nature. To

persevere in an improper course would be madness; not to recant incorrect opinions, the extreme of folly." One more illustration we must give of editorial gravity and emphasis — not lively in itself, but calculated to occasion liveliness in others. Montgomery, we are told, while resident in London as a youth, was no sight-seer, curiosity-hunter, or theatre-goer, and never, on any of his expeditions from country to town, during a very long life, went to see even the British Museum; when asked, many years after his earlier sojourn in the great metropolis, whether he ever visited any of the public institutions, he replied: "No, I had no curiosity for such things at the time." "This," says Mr. Holland — (and it is to the grand finale of the passage now quoted that we beg the reader's hushed and wistful heed) — "This was remarkable in an active minded youth nineteen years of age, who had been brought up in the country. There was, however, one striking spectacle, with which the residents of the metropolis are unhappily but too familiar,* which he did go to see — a great fire. The Albion Flour-mills, near Blackfriars Bridge, were burnt down on the 1st of March, 1791, — Montgomery witnessed the conflagration." Surely this last stop deserves three notes of admiration.

We own to a disrelish, too, for the Boswellizing form into which the editors have moulded their conversations with Mr. Montgomery. He does not always play first fiddle in these concertos. The chorus has as much to say sometimes as the hero, and we are ready to greet their strophic replies and anti-strophic rejoinders with cry of "Off! off!" If enough is as good as a feast, too much is as bad as a surfeit. Messrs. Holland and Everett are occasionally too much for us. Squeamish tastes may therefore be excused for feeling the effects of a surfeit, and for wishing the worthy editors a lessened familiarity with the laxative French *de trop*, and a better acquaintance with the continent Latin *ne quid nimis*. The reader may desire some specimens of the Boswellized dialogues; but our space is too narrow to admit of the plural number: if one example will suffice, then let him (to adopt the style of an eminent wholesale dealer in foot-notes) "look below," into the foot-note hereto appertaining;† — and whilst he is perus-

* At the time we write, the recency of a destructive fire in the very locality mentioned by Mr. Holland, gives special corroboration to this remark.

† Daniel Parken, once editor of the *Eclectic Review*, to which Montgomery contributed largely, is thus discussed: —

"Everett. — Was Parker, in your opinion, a decidedly religious character?" *Montgomery*. — "I am persuaded he was: our intercourse, both personal and epistolary, convinced me of this: but I much regret that my last letter did not reach him, because it contained some allusions to the rest and communion of saints." *Everett*. — "His general

ing that, we will be moving on leisurely overhead, so that when he turns up again from the lower regions he can easily overtake us *en route*.

There is not much to narrate in the "life extern" of Montgomery. Born at Irvine, in 1771, the eldest of three brothers; removed in 1775 to Ireland, and there placed *sub ferula* of one Jemmy McCaffery, the Schoolmaster of Bally Kennedy; thence transplanted to the Moravian settlement at Fulneck, six miles from Leeds, where he remained while his father and mother proceeded to Barbadoes, in the work of foreign missions; he here, in early boyhood, evinced a yearning after poetical distinction—secluding himself, in moody reverie, from his Fulneck school-mates—quizzed a little probably, for his plenteous crop of "carrotty locks," and his scorbutic habit, and defective eyesight,—and therefore welcoming the more gratefully the calm of sequestered retreat. He could not join the boys at cricket, nor in "sliding on the ice," which his biographer calls "a pleasant juvenile exercise"—adding, "in which we have heard him say he was wholly unsuccessful." The discipline and educational system at Fulneck were pervadingly religious, but not of a crabbed kind. Montgomery was devoted by his par-

ents to the work of the ministry, and was specially trained with a view to that office—being instructed in Latin, Greek, German, and French, in History, Geography, and Music—that he might be fully equipped for the functions of the Moravian pastor. But one day the master took out several of the lads into the fields, and read Blair's "Grave" to them behind a hedge; and thenceforward the vague aspirations of the red-haired recluse, after converse with the Muses, and consecration to their ministry, assumed a more definite character; from the date of that hedge-side reading they were marked by form and pressure. He began to write largely, and on large subjects; one being entitled "The World," and intended to comprise an epitome of moral, religious, and civil history—as comprehensive, indeed, as the *magnum opus* introduced in Racine's *Plaideurs*. School tasks were now found to be tasks in more than name only, and were postponed by the poet that should be to such poetry as then could be. Moravian Dons frowned, expostulated, grew more and more Donnish. Young poet in *posse* only grew more and more poetical in *esse*. They would not let him be a minstrel, and he would not let them make him a minister. So the Heads of Houses conferred, found the under graduate *en contumace*, and rusticated him. Not that they dismissed him nowhither, or left the world before him where to choose his place of rest. The sphere fixed upon by the rusticated powers, wherein to locate this defiant juvenal, inveterate in *incarmine scribam* and *nolo episcopari* resolves, was—a village huckster's shop. James plied at the counter as long as he could stand it; but that was not long. One fine Sunday morning he took French leave of the huckster. This time he would rusticate himself—would select his own "future in *rus*." The selection he made was odd enough. If his choice had been Hobson's, he could scarcely have chosen otherwise: the place he fixed on was a "general store" in the village of Wath, where for twelve months he stood behind the counter again, and dispensed split-peas and groats, sugar and shoes, cloves and broadcloth, treacle and tinware, to those who had need of them (and the needful). Twelve months were enough for this Magazine miscellany, and then James Montgomery, just out of his teens, made for London. He waited on Mr. Harrison, publisher, of Paternoster-row, to whom he had despatched a MS. volume of poems, and who found room for him as a shopman. Here he cultivated literature with all his time and strength, striving hard to push his way into celebrity, but always baffled. Dispirited, he retraced his steps to the encyclopaedic shop in the village of Wath, and again devoted himself conscientiously to pannikins and pep-

health must have been feeble, to suffer a fatal shock from such an apparently slight cause.' [Mr. Parken has been thrown out of a gig, and has never got over the accident.] *Montgomery*—'It was so: and his mind must have been at the same time in a singularly morbid state, judging from the unusual tone of his letter to me. Have you read the specimen of his poetry which I lent you?' *Everett*—'Yes; it is smooth and elegant: but there is a want of power, of imagination. The writer has been more indebted to his academical studies than to his poetic feeling. His verses are those of a scholar, and indicate less a fervid temperament than a cultivated mind.' *Montgomery*—'You are pretty nearly correct: and that is the character of a large proportion of the current poetry of the present age. Miss Seward's clever verses, so much praised at one time, are now never read; and almost the same may be said of Dr. Darwin's rhymes, brilliant and full of science as they are. Hodgson, deservedly admired as he is, will never be popular; his poetry being, as you say, that of the school. There are many clever and even elegant versifiers, who would never have been heard of, if they had been, like Burns or Bloomfield, brought up at the plough.' *Everett*—'Had you ever any opportunity of judging of Parken's abilities as a practitioner at the bar?' *Montgomery*—'No; I believe he was considered rather heavy, as a speaker; but he had hardly entered the arena, and his department of practice was not one in which the glare of eloquence was necessary: had he lived, he would doubtless have made a respectable figure in his profession. He was remarkably ready with his pen; and spoke with great fluency and propriety in conversation.' *Everett*—'Your friendship and correspondence with Parken must have formed an interesting and—to yourself, at least—happy period of life.' *Montgomery*—'The pleasure of the intercourse was mutual.'"

percorns. Attracted by a newspaper advertisement of "Wanted, a Clerk," at Sheffield, he went thither; and there settled down as in his proper place. His employer was proprietor of the Sheffield Register, and upon that, and subsequently the Iris, Montgomery became engaged as a prominent contributor. The troubles he got into, by his political liberalism, are pretty well known, and the sincerity of the sufferer equally respected. Calmer times came; he published, early in the present century, "The Wanderer of Switzerland," and became famous. The Eclectic Review placed him on its staff of critics, and in its pages he "reviewed the whole of his contemporaries" who were known as poets, except Byron, "and no one can say," he alleges, "that I have done them injustice." The allegation goes further than most readers will go, who are at the pains to peruse the allegator's Eclecticism. But let that pass—though a protested note.

He was now a recognized power in the republic of letters, and visited or corresponded with other powers, smaller or greater—with the Eclectic galaxy, Parkin, Olinthus Gregory, Josiah Conder, etc.,—with Aikin and Roscoe, Chantrey and Southey—the letters of the last forming the most interesting portion of the present volumes, which leave off at the year 1812, in which appeared "The World before the Flood."

Jeffrey's treatment of his poetry galled Montgomery beyond measure. Constitutionally sensitive, and tainted with melancholy, he was cut to the quick by the flippant tone and derisive accents of the then oracular Edinburgh Review. "It was evident," he writes to Daniel Parken, "that the assassin had determined to strike my reputation dead with a single blow; and I felt for many days after receiving it, as if he had succeeded. At first I was so astonished that I could hardly credit my eyes"—a naïve declaration which vilified authors by the thousand might adopt, if they would, on reading a detracting review of their darling ventures. Again, and to the same sympathizing friend, and an editor, he writes some weeks later: "I will thank you for your consolations on the subject of my escape with barely my life in my hand from the tomahawks of the northern banditti. It is a strange thing that evil should be so much more effective than good in this miserable world. All the kindness of all my friends has been exerted to soothe me for the malice of one cowardly enemy who spat in my face in the dark, and yet I feel the venom of his spittle still on my cheek, that burns at the recollection of the indignity." Jeffrey was unfortunate in his predictions *de arte poetica*. "We are perfectly persuaded," said the oracular voice from behind the blue and yellow drape-

ry,—plural, plenipotentiary, prophetic, pe-remp-tory "perfectly persuaded,"—"We are perfectly persuaded that in less than three years nobody will know the name of the 'Wanderer of Switzerland,' or any of the other poems in this collection." The third edition was before Jeffrey when he so prophesied. Eighteen months afterwards we find Montgomery boasting that—to quote his own words, italics and all—"the public continue to read my prohibited book with as much approbation as if it had never been burnt by the common hangman of Parnassus."

The third edition, consisting of two thousand copies, had just appeared when the Edinburgh Review of them was published. In less than a year and a half, that edition has been so nearly sold off, that a fourth edition is now printing at *Edinburgh itself*. "A stranger, addressing Montgomery from New York, says: 'The 'Wanderer of Switzerland' has, indeed, an unparalleled popularity in this country: three editions are nearly exhausted in the northern, and I know not what quantity have been printed in the southern states. It is in the hand of every person who has any pretension to taste.' The "West Indies," again, within ten years circulated upwards of ten thousand copies, exclusive of the first and costly edition, in a five-guinea quarto volume, illustrated by Smirke and others."

Not that the percentage of copies circulated is a final test of poetical merit—else were James Montgomery a much smaller poet than his namesake Robert, who reckons his editions by thirties. The poetry of the "Wanderer of Switzerland" and the "West Indies" pleases the many, in part by the very absence of those higher and deeper qualities with which immediate popularity is incompatible. Montgomery wrote many sweet and eloquent verses, flowery, fluent, and tender. But his longer poems are fatally charged with *des longueurs*. His fine gold is beaten out too fine, and made to cover too large a surface. His sweets produce the cloying effect of a saccharine diet. He often gives us a good thing, but often too much of a good thing. He was as fond as Haydon of painting on a huge extent of canvas. "The truth is," he says, of "The World before the Flood," in a letter to Roscoe, "that this poem, involving the greatest events in the universe, from the creation to the day of judgment, is all in one breath; and unless it can be read in a breath I fear that it will be found incomprehensible." Such a poem should itself have been published in the world before the flood—though even the antediluvians might have been foiled at taking it in at a breath—of accommodating their respiration to the inspiration of the bard. "It is the glory of my plan," he avers,—and I am neither ashamed nor afraid to boast of this, because it

is plain matter of fact—that no little views have been permitted to narrow it: the basis of my poem is as broad as that of a pyramid, and the form of the superstructure is as simple; I dare not say that the top reaches heaven, but it aspires thither." But we must defer any particular remarks on his writings until other volumes of the *Memoirs* shall have brought us to the period of his poetical prime, which in 1812 he had by no means attained. Suffice it here to record our reverence for the religious purity of his strains, and admiration of many a musical interval in his elaborate compositions, and of several entire gems among his lyrical treasures. As Wilson said of him, all his thoughts, sentiments, and feel-

ings, are moulded and colored by religion; in which he, as a poet, lives, and moves, and has his being; so that not merely does he breathe delight in the sunshine of the open day, as we do, heedless of its source, but he is religious *sensibly*, and meditates on all themes with pious attribution of his power to Him who gave it. It was his characteristic that the Modern Pythagorean seized upon, when limning a series of "Poetical Portraits" ("orient pearls at random strung:")

Upon thy touching strain
Religion's spirit fair,
Falls down like drops of rain,
And blends divinely there.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE ZOUAVES.

Much difference of opinion prevails as to the nature and character of the renowned Zouaves; some assert that they are Africans, others that they are Europeans, and, strange to say, both are right, for they are, or at least were, a semi-African, semi-European corps. In their origin the Zouaves were almost purely African. When in July, 1830, Louis Philippe became King of the French, and Marshal Clausel was appointed to the command in Algeria, the Turks had been expelled the country, but the French were not sufficiently numerous to keep the Arab and Berber populations in subjection. The marshal resolved upon organizing a native corps of cavalry and infantry. A decree, dated October 1st, 1830, and approved of by royal proclamation, dated March 21st, 1831, created two battalions, which received the name of Zouaves, from the Arabic *Zouaoua*.

This word is fearfully mutilated in its transformation into French. *Zawawah* is the name of a very ancient Berber, or as the French have it, Kabyle tribe in Morocco (*Mughribu l'Aksa*), but still more particularly in Algiers (*Mughribu l'Ausat*). Count Graberg notices this ancient tribe under this name in his "Vocabulary of Names and Places, etc., in the Empire of Morocco." (*Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*, vol. vii. p. 270.) Out of *Zawawah*, we might by elision make *Zawaws* or *Zuaves*; but we cannot make *Zouaves*, if the *ou* is to be pronounced as in out, ounce, hound, mound, or as it is indeed commonly pronounced in English.

The word, however, with its French pronunciation, is now so universally accepted, that after protesting against its correctness, we must accept it, as we do *Bombay* for *Mambij*. The Zouaves of Algiers resided chiefly in the most remote parts of the *Jurjura*, and they were particularly known as an industrious, brave, haughty people, whose subjection to the Turks had never been but nominal, but who often came to Al-

giers to exchange their oils and other produce for such things as their rugged mountains did not afford them. As they had the reputation of being the best soldiers in the regency, and as they had under certain circumstances granted their military services to Barbarous princes, their name was given to the new militia. This corps, however, received into its ranks natives of all kinds, without distinction of origin: mountaineers or dwellers on the plains, townspeople or countrymen, Kabyles, Arabs or *Coulouglis* (*Kuluglis*). French officers were appointed to instruct them, and to command them. They were volunteers from the army: and among the first were *Levaillant*, at present in command of the 5th division of the army of the East; *Vergé*, also general of brigade; *Molliére*, who died after the siege of Rome; and *Lamoricière*, who has made for himself a name in history, albeit an exile. These were all at that time young men, full of courage and energy, perfectly disinterested, and who, in the charge they entered upon, neither looked to an advance of pay or to more comfortable quarters, but embraced cheerfully a career of continuous difficulties, certain privations, and incessant perils, sure, in the French military system, of promotion for services rendered.

The command of the 1st battalion was given to a distinguished staff officer, M. Maumet; that of the 2nd, to the captain of Engineers, afterwards General *Duvivier*, who died of his wounds in Paris in 1848. As the enlistment of the native population went on very slowly, and as it was moreover felt to be dangerous to leave a handful of officers isolated among men in whose fidelity no great confidence could be placed, and whose language was even unknown to the Frenchmen, a plan was adopted which might probably be also turned to good account in the constitution of a Turkish legion: it was that of enlisting Europeans into the ranks. A political body which had been troublesome in France, under the name of the Volunteers of the Charter (*Volontaires de la Charte*), had been lately trans-

hipped to Algeria, and it was thought that the best thing that could be done with these hot-brained politicians would be to incorporate them into the Zouaves. Strangers from other countries, refugees from political and other causes, were also admitted into the ranks, till the numbers became so great that some sifting took place. The Europeans, not of French origin, were incorporated into the foreign legion, whilst a portion of the French were organized into a 67th regiment of the line. The first principle of the organization of the Zouaves remained the same, and in the words of a writer in the *Revue de Deux Mondes*, to whom we are indebted for this information, "on peut dire que le noyau des Zouaves fut composé d'enfants de Paris et d'indigènes des environs d'Alger."^{*}

The corps had been barely organized for six weeks when it was led by General Clausel on the expedition of Medeah (Mediyah), and the Zouaves received what the French call their baptism of fire, and what we commonly designate as the first smell of gunpowder, at the Pass of Mouzaïa (Musaya), to which they were destined to give renown by their valor upon several subsequent occasions. The circumstances under which the Zouaves were placed at first were anything but agreeable. Isolated in small parties in the interior of the country, night and day they had only to lay down the pickaxe to take up their muskets, and they had the greatest difficulty to obtain the commonest necessities of life; as to comforts, they had none. One of their captains fell in this first campaign, the first of a long and glorious list, which comprises names illustrious in the annals of the army, a son of the Duke d'Harcourt, who had carried the knapsack and the musket; a nephew of Marshal Duke of Istria, the gallant Bessières; and a grenadier in the island of Elba, Peraguet, who had risen from the ranks to be *chef de bataillon*, when he was killed in 1845, and whose gray hairs were for a long time the object of the respectful affection of his younger comrades.

Medeah was evacuated by the French troops early in 1831, but in the month of June of the same year General Berthezène had to lead a division there, to enforce the authority of the Bey who had been appointed over the district. On returning from this expedition a furious onslaught was made upon the rear-guard, at a time when the soldiers, worn out with fatigue and excessive heat, were pursuing their painful way along a mountain path which only permitted of the passage of one man at a time. Duvivier returned to the succor with the 2nd battalion of Zouaves. The natives gave their shouts of war; the Volunteers of the Charter, who still wore *la blouse gauloise*, struck up "*La Marseillaise*," and falling together upon the Kabyles they checked the onslaught, and then retiring from eminence to eminence, and covering the march of the wearied troops, they enabled the whole force to

reach and establish itself at the farm of Mouzaïa, without the loss of one trophy to the enemy.

The retreat of Medeah was most honorable to the Zouaves, and they assumed from that time a position in the French army. Still recruits came in so slowly that the two battalions were reunited into one, and a royal decree of the 7th of March, 1833, fixed the number of companies at ten, eight French and two native, and it was provided that there should be twelve French soldiers in every native company. The command of the battalion thus organized was given to De Lamoricière, he having particularly distinguished himself by his gallantry and military capabilities, by his acquaintance with the language of the country, and by his tact and judgment, as well as his zeal and audacity. Their headquarters were Dely-Ibrahim (Dali-Ibrahim, Mad Abraham), where they established dwellings, forges, everything with their own hands. Frequent expeditions into the Sahel (Sahel, plain of grassy pasturage; Sâhil, coast), the Mîdjâ, and into the lower region of the Atlas varied the monotony of camp life. Every day the Zouaves became more industrious, more disciplined, and more warlike; they learnt to walk quick, and for a long time, to manœuvre with precision, and to fight with intelligence. Their uniform and equipments were regulated. They are now so well known, and so popular, that it is almost needless to describe them. Their dress is the Oriental garb with the colors of the French infantry, and is generally supposed to be a style of dress better adapted for a variable climate, and for active military exercises, than any that has yet been adopted. The officers alone preserved the European dress, as an Oriental garb suited to their rank would have been too costly. They often exchanged the *kepi*, however, for the red cap, called by the Turks *fez*, and by the Moors *chechia*. M. de Lamoricière was known in the province of Algiers by the name of Abu or Bu Chechia, Father Cap, but he exchanged this name in Oran for Abu Arana, Father Stick! De Lamoricière was the founder of the Zouaves, a force which, whilst it has preserved that personal intelligence which is characteristic of irregular troops, and its members have continued to be true children of Paris by their liveliness and gayety, has attained all the solidity and precision of the most brilliant regiment.

Marshal Clausel led the Zouaves, whose military value he was one of the first to appreciate, into Oran in 1835. They came under the cognizance of the Duke of Orleans on the occasion of the expedition of Mascara, and so great was the opinion which the prince entertained of their capabilities, that on his return to Paris he obtained a decree constituting the battalion into a regiment of two battalions of six companies each, with permission to raise them to ten. M. de Lamoricière retained the command, with the rank of Lieutenant-colonel.

On their return to the province of Algeria early in 1836, the Zouaves were once more directed upon the old theatre of their exploits—Mouzaïa. The point was more obstinately defended than before, but the marshal also knew his territory bet-

^{*} This article is attributed to the Duc d'Aumale, and it would appear, from the predilections of the author to Orleanist generals, with some justice. It is, however, in every respect, in an historical and military point of view, as also in the credit meted out to each and all, most honorable to its author.

ter, and the Zouaves were charged to carry the crest of the mountains instead of forcing the pass—a most laborious enterprise, which they achieved with perfect success.

The Zouaves did not make part of the first expedition of 1836, but the following year one of their battalions formed part of the advance-guard of the division, which was destined, under the orders of the Duke of Nemours, to revenge the check received the year before. The siege of Constantine is the great feature in the history of the Zouaves. They marched at the head of the first column of assault. Horace Vernet has immortalized the scene at Versailles. This was the last episode in the first epoch of African warfare: the treaty of Tafna was concluded, and the Turkish government was finally superseded throughout the country.

Marshal Valée, who had succeeded to the government of Algiers, attempted to carry out two different systems: one was to govern directly a certain portion of the territory, the other was to create a European society by the side of Arabic institutions, organized by the genius of Abd al Khadr. Placed at the advanced posts, the Zouaves had to accomplish at Coleah (Kuliyah) what they had done at Dali Ibrahim—to erect buildings, open roads, and drain the lands. But when Abd al Khadr, yielding to the irresistible influence by which he was surrounded on all sides, abandoned his allegiance and lit up a Holy War, it was more than the native blood could stand. Large numbers of Zouaves went over to their countrymen, and carried into the ranks of the enemy the advantages of the military instruction which they had obtained under the French. But the regiment did not lose in strength; it had been before reinforced by a battalion of volunteers who had defended the citadel of Tlemcen in 1836, hence called that of Méchouar, and on the news of hostilities breaking out it received a large accession of recruits.

Upon the invasion of Abd al Khadr's territory the ensuing spring, the French having been obliged to act on the defensive all winter, the Zouaves formed part of the first division under the Duke of Orleans. It is needless to recapitulate the events of that sanguinary campaign, the plains scoured by the cavalry of all the tribes of Algeria and Oran, supported by the "rouges," as they were called—Abd al Khadr's regular cavalry—and every defile obstinately defended by a regular infantry and myriads of Kabyles.—The Zouaves were, upon every expedition, engaged in every battle, and the well-known gathering sounds of their drums and trumpets were familiar to the whole army. Every regiment in Africa had a particular beat by which it could gather together its men when dispersed by night in a fog, or by the heat of a battle. Sometimes it was also sounded at a moment of extreme danger. The origin of this is attributed to the 2nd Light Infantry, General Changarnier's regiment.

Winter brought about little rest. The Zouaves had suffered severely, and were reorganized. Lamoricière, raised to the rank of a general officer was succeeded in the command of the regiment by the then Lieutenant-Colonel Cavaignac; and

the Commandants Regnault, killed in Paris, June, 1848, and Renault, now general of division, both promoted, were succeeded by the then Commandants Lefô and St. Arnaud. Cavaignac had distinguished himself by the heroic defence of the citadel of Tlemcen, at the head of the 2nd African battalion, and his energetic character, his mind full of resources, and his calm yet effective courage, had already obtained for him a high renown in the army.

The Zouaves passed the winter at Medeah, amidst all kinds of privations and difficulties, yet were they ready in spring to follow Marshal Bugeaud on a campaign in the Atlas; and whilst one battalion proceeded in May, under the same marshal, into Oran, another remained, under General Baraguay d'Hilliers in Algiers. The Zouaves thus assisted in the war of 1841 at two different points.

The war had assumed proportions which demanded an increase of means. The Zouaves were augmented to three battalions with a complete regimental staff, but only one company could receive natives, and the corps assumed a purely French character. The mixture of French and natives did not work well, and the latter were enrolled in a new corps, called that of *tirailleurs indigènes*, or native riflemen; and these battalions, officered by brave, intrepid men, amongst whom are the now well-known General Bosquet, as also Generals Thomas, Vergé, and Boarbaki, all well versed in the language of their men, have testified in the Crimea that they are worthy younger brothers of the Zouaves.

No sooner had the regiment of Zouaves thus reconstituted received the colors which the king had sent them, than its three battalions were separated to go and serve each in a different province. War had, in fact, broke out in every direction. The Zouaves were represented by one or two of their battalions in most of the important battles fought in the campaigns of 1843 and 1844, obstinate struggles against the Kabyles, long marches in the desert, cavalry charges repelled, in the Jurjura, the Ouarsenis, among the Beni Menasser, at the capture of the Smalah, in the glorious engagements fought by General Bedeau against the Morocco cavalry, and lastly, in the memorable battle of Isly.

Cavaignac was succeeded in the command of the corps in 1844 by Colonel Ladmiraull, now general of division. The ensuing year the Zouaves were the first to sustain, on the frontiers of Morocco, the effects of an insurrection which gradually extended itself throughout the whole of the regency. The year 1846 gave them as little repose as any that had preceded. It was not till 1847 that the submission of Abd al Khadr brought about the entire subjection of the tribes of Algeria. The Zouaves were then posted at a site designated after the young prince of that name—Anmale. This site was at the extremity of the plain which stretches to the east of the Jurjura. It was the point where the submission of the tribes was the most precarious. The provisional government had replaced M. Ladmiraull by Colonel Canrobert, now in command in the Crimea. General Canrobert began his African career under the auspices of the brave Colonel

Combes, who fell at the assault of Constantine. He acquired bat-tis of command, and was engaged in several brilliant feats of arms at the head of a battalion of Chasseurs in the districts of Tenes and Batna, his reputation soon ranking him among the very best officers of the army.—His lieutenant-colonel, M. de Grandchamp, was so dreadfully wounded when captain of the Voltigeurs of the 24th Regiment of the Line, that the Arabs used his body as a block upon which to cut off the heads of forty of his men. His life was saved by the almost miraculous devotion of Commandant Morris, now in command of the cavalry in the Crimea.

In 1849 the Zouaves were called from their post, near the Jurjura, to take a part in the siege of Zaatcha, upon which occasion General Canrobert was the first to mount the breach. After this brilliant success they followed their gallant commander to the slopes of the Aures, and terminated a long and sanguinary campaign by the reduction of Narah.

On their return to their old quarters at Aumale, Canrobert was succeeded in the command of this distinguished corps by M. d'Aurelle, now general of brigade in the Crimea. A decree of the 13th of February, 1852, gave to them a

new constitution. It was resolved to increase so serviceable a force by another regiment, thus making altogether three regiments of three battalions each. They were armed with rifles. With these formidable weapons the rebel mountaineers could no longer stand before them. They were driven from their fastnesses, and gathering together in the town of Laghouat, they hoisted there the flag of rebellion. General Pélissier led a division of the army to besiege this remote stronghold, and it was once more the Zouaves who had the greatest share in the honors and in the losses of the day; eight officers and one hundred and twenty-three men were put *hors de combat*, and one of their captains, M. Menouvrier Defresne, was the first to enter the town.

This was in 1852. In 1854 they received the reward of their numerous exploits by being called upon to serve with the French army in the East. Alma, Inkermann, numerous repulses of sorties, and other gallant struggles before the walls of Sebastopol, have testified that they are still the same gallant corps as in Africa, and their countrymen confidently look to their occupying, on the day of assault, the same place which they did at Constantine and at Zaatcha.

EXPERIMENTS are about to be made, in several departments, to naturalize a species of *PEA* peculiar to China, which yields both oil and flour. The oil scarcely differs from that of colza or rapeseed, and the Chinese use it largely in their culinary preparations. The flour is made into a paste, which, after having been left to ferment, is seasoned with oil, pepper, salt, or other ingredients. It becomes, in a few days, of a brownish color, and possesses excellent digestive qualities. So prepared, it is rather dear; but the poorer classes merely fry the paste in oil, and it is sold to them in slices in the markets. The preparations of the oil and paste of the pea in question is a branch of industry in several provinces; but it is at Ning-Po, capital of Che-Kiang, that it is chiefly carried on. Every year, in fact, thousands of junks, freighted with the paste and oil, leave Ning-Po for the different ports of the Celestial Empire.

Seaweeds from the Shores of Nantucket. Crosby, Nichols & Co. : Boston.

NANTUCKET has for years had a strong hold of our imagination: its wild sea air—its bare beaches—the hardy and primitive character of its inhabitants—the foot-prints of the early settlers. Never having seen it, we yet love it, and are always attracted by its name.

This little volume is made up by Verses from Natives of Nantucket—and "that it may serve as a memento of them, and, as such, possess an interest for their friends, is all that is expected." We copy from it:—

A PAIR OF SONNETS. BY C. F. B.

Siasconset.

AGAIN to thee, O surf-encircled strand,
Enamored still my thoughts will turn; once more,
Dear Siasconset, by thy foam-clad shore,
Leaving in thought this tree-encumbered land,
How well I love to tread thy arid sand,
And listen to thy waves' sonorous roar,
Or watch old Pollock's back, all crested hoar,
And the wild waters hissing fierce and grand!
O pebbly beach! O Sankoty! O Sea!
And ye whose names are linked with these, how oft
In mid-day musings and in midnight dreams,
In visions bright, have ye been seen by me,
When my free spirit has been borne aloft!
And when I rhyme, shall ye not be my themes?

Coatic.

Seated where summer winds and bird and bee
Tread with their gentle feet on opening flowers,
—The fairest spot in this fair world of ours,—
My thoughts deserting bird and flower and tree,
Have taken ship, and boldly steered to sea,
Where never yet were either meads or bowers,
To brighten in the sun, or summer showers,—
To where the winds are salt, but wild and free:
There, by my fancy's aid, I stop once more,
With naked limbs, all dripping wet with brine,
And joyous leap, Coatic, upon thy shore,
As oft I leaped in days a little yore.
O bleak Coatic! would that the lot were mine
In thy clear waves to bathe my limbs once more!

Off Island, 1840.

From the North British Review.

The Origin and Progress of the Mechanical Inventions of James Watt, Illustrated by the Correspondence of his Friends, and the Specifications of his Patents. By James Patrick Muirhead, Esq., M. A. In 3 vols. London, 1854.

WE owe an apology to our readers of every class, for having allowed so many years to pass away without making them acquainted with the life and inventions of one of their greatest benefactors. There is no individual now living and enjoying life, who does not share in the benefits which James Watt has conferred on society. Science, indeed, neglected though it be, by an ignorant and thankless community, has always been, and must ever be, the greatest benefactor of mankind; and the science of steam has now become the sovereign power which rules over the material and the moving world. From man's birth to his death, and even before the one event, and after the other, he is indebted to the locomotive king. The wise man is hurried from his distant abode to preside at his birth; and his mortal remains are transported to their remotest resting-place, consecrated by the recollections of his early days. The first dress which swathes his infant limbs, and the last drapery which enwraps his lifeless frame, are woven by the power of steam. The first drop of water which quenches the thirst of the child, and the last which allays the fever of his deathbed, are raised and purified by the same beneficent power. By the foot of mechanism is trodden the wine-grape, to cheer man's heart. By its hand is ground the farina that is to nourish him; and moulded the dough, the staff of his life. The scholar's alphabet, the poor man's Bible, the daily gazette, the idler's romance, and the page of wisdom, the elements of man's moral and intellectual growth, are all the cheapened products of steam. At its bidding, too, the materials of civilization quit the bowels of the earth—its coal, its iron, its silver, and its gold. The instruments of peace—the loom, the ship, and the plough—are all fashioned by its cunning hand; and even the dread engines of war, the machinery of death and destruction, owe their paternity to the same universal power.

But the blessings of steam power, expansive like the element itself, are not confined to individuals, nor to insulated communities. No alpine range stops its progress, no ocean depths intercept its tide. It encircles the globe like the serene vapor of the azure sky; and it sheds upon every land, even the darkest and most benighted, the auroral tints of civilization. It has brought together the islander of the ocean and the indweller of the continent. The negro of the tropics and

the stunted occupants of the frozen north, have fraternized with the white man of the temperate zone: and, by its aid, we are now girdling the earth with channels of thought and of speech, to hold daily converse with the remotest of our race.

To what extent we owe these great social inventions to James Watt, will appear from the following pages. To what extent they have been developed by individual enterprise and skill, will be learned from their respective histories. How greatly they have been discountenanced and obstructed by the supineness, and ignorance, and infatuation of modern governments, and especially of our own, will be seen in the life of Watt, and in the history of his inventions.

It is a curious fact in the annals of English science, that the biographies of our most distinguished men have been written by the perpetual secretaries of the French Academy of Sciences. For upwards of 100 years, the only life of Newton was that of Fontenelle; and at this moment, the only life of Sir William Herschel is that of Arago. The lives of Priestley, Cavendish, and Sir Joseph Banks, were from the pen of Cuvier; and, till now, the life of James Watt and the history of his inventions, were known to his countrymen only through the historical eulogé of Arago. This interesting biography was read at a public sitting of the Academy of Sciences in December 1834; and a translation of it, with copious notes and an appendix, was published in 1839, by James Muirhead, Esq. The work of M. Arago excited great interest, both by the eloquence with which it was written, and the just appreciation which it contained of the genius and inventions of Mr. Watt; but a fuller biography of so great a man was still wanting, in which the history of his inventions should be given in detail, and the events of his life delineated by one who had access to all the requisite materials, and who was acquainted with the institutions under which he lived, and with those usages and laws which contributed either to fetter or develop his genius.*

This important task was fortunately undertaken by his relative, Mr. Muirhead, who has produced a work of the deepest interest and the highest value—interesting, peculiarly, in its biographical details, and valuable, as containing an accurate description of Mr. Watt's inventions and a faithful history of the diffi-

* We owe to Lord Brougham a brief but very interesting sketch of the Life and Inventions of Mr. Watt, which was published in his *Lives of the Philosophers of George III.*, and which has just been reprinted in the first volume of the works of that distinguished philosopher and statesman, now in the course of publication, by Messrs. Griffin and Company.

culties which he had to surmount, and of the victories which he gained.

The first volume of this work, embellished with a portrait of Mr. Watt, contains an introductory memoir of him, occupying nearly 300 pages, with extracts from his correspondence, illustrated with numerous fac-simile woodcuts. The second volume, with a portrait of Matthew Boulton, is occupied wholly with the remainder of his very interesting correspondence. The third volume contains the letters-patent, and specifications of Mr. Watt's inventions, illustrated by thirty-four plates, with an appendix, containing an account of the trials of his patents, when contested in the Courts of Queen's Bench and Common Pleas, and various illustrative documents.

James Watt was born at Greenock on the 19th January 1736. His great-grandfather was a farmer in Aberdeenshire, who perished in one of the battles of Montrose; and his father, James Watt, was a ship-chandler, supplying vessels with nautical apparatus and stores, a builder and a merchant. He was an active member of the Town Council of Greenock, and died in 1782 in the 84th year of his age. James Watt, the eldest of his two sons, was born with a very feeble constitution, and from this cause he received the principal part of his early education from his parents, though he occasionally attended the public school. Confined to his room during a great part of the year, the sickly boy had the free choice of his amusements, and his tastes and faculties were thus unrestrained in their development. When only six years of age, he was one day found stretched on the floor, and drawing with chalk the diagram of a geometrical problem which he had been trying to solve. Having been provided with a number of tools, our young mechanic used them with singular address in repairing the toys of his companions, and making new ones of his own, and before long they were employed in constructing a small electrical machine with which he astonished the circle of friends, both old and young, who took an interest in his progress. When sitting one evening with his aunt, Mrs. Muirhead, at the tea-table, she was annoyed at his idleness. "Take a book," she said, "or do something useful,—you have done nothing for the last hour but taken off the lid of that kettle and put it on again; are you not ashamed of spending your time in this way?" The poor boy had been making experiments on the condensation of steam, now holding a cup, and now a silver spoon over the issuing vapor, and catching and collecting the drops into which it fell. He had at this time obtained the first glimpses of that bright idea which, after making his own fortune, has made the fortune of thousands—the condensation of steam in a separate vessel.

While in search of health on the picturesque banks of Loch Lomond, and among the magnificent mountains which surround it, our scientific invalid was led to study the plants and minerals which lay profusely in his path, while in the Highland cottage he listened with a different interest to the traditions and ballads and superstitions of its occupants. On his return to Greenock the severer sciences were the subjects of his study. Chemistry and chemical experiments occupied much of his time, and in the "*Mathematical Elements of Physics confirmed by Experiments, and Introductory to the Newtonian Philosophy*," by S. Gravesande, Professor of Astronomy and Mathematics at Leyden, he found an inexhaustible supply of knowledge in every branch of natural philosophy. The sciences of medicine and surgery, the natural study of the invalid, occupied much of his attention, and so eagerly did he pursue them, that "he was one day caught, in the act of carrying into his room for dissection, the head of a child who had died of an unknown disease."

Thus initiated into the most fascinating of the sciences, and exhibiting so ardent a taste for literature and poetry, the reader will be surprised to find that he chose none of those professions for which he was so well prepared, and for which he had shewn so decided a partiality. The mechanical passion, that must for a while have been in abeyance, obtained a mastery over science, literature and medicine, and the sickly youth, whose mind had not yet "got up its steam," sought for its gratification in the humble profession of a mathematical instrument maker. He accordingly set out for London on the 7th June 1755, under the care of Captain Marr, a relation of his own. They performed the journey, riding on the same horses, in *twelve days*, the unfledged engineer little dreaming that by his aid the same distance would, in the next century, be performed in *twelve hours*. After several fruitless attempts to find a master to instruct him, he made an arrangement with Mr. John Morgan, mathematical instrument maker in Finch Lane, Cornhill, a very excellent man, who agreed to give him a year's instruction for twenty guineas and his labor, during that period. In this dark abode, where the sun was recognized only by its reflected light, he learned in twelve months to make brass scales, Hadley's quadrants, azimuth compasses, theodolites, and sectors with French joints, one of the most difficult pieces of work in the trade.

As soon as his engagement with Mr. Morgan terminated, which it did in August 1756, he returned on horseback to Scotland, full of professional knowledge, and supplied with tools for the prosecution of his business. In the month of October he went to Glasgow to repair some astronomical instruments which

had been injured in their voyage from Jamaica, and which had been bequeathed by Mr. Macfarlane to the University. Having thus earned the good opinion of that learned body, which could then count among its members the distinguished names of Adam Smith, Joseph Black, and Dr. Robert Simson, Mr. Watt resolved to settle as a mathematical instrument maker in Glasgow, but being neither the son of a Burgess, nor an apprentice to any craft, he was prohibited from setting up even the humblest workshop within the limits of the burgh. The victim of corporation rules, however, found an asylum in the College, where he was provided with a work-shop, and appointed "mathematical instrument maker to the University." In this quiet locality, Mr. Watt practised his profession for several years, constructing Hadley's quadrants and other instruments, till those lights burst upon his mind which speedily led him to fortune and to fame.

Among the most distinguished students who then adorned the University of Glasgow, was John Robison, afterwards Professor of Natural Philosophy in the College of Edinburgh. The Macfarlane Observatory was then being built, and the fine instruments which were to furnish it were under the charge of Mr. Watt. Mr. Robison, who was passionately devoted to astronomy and mechanical philosophy, longed for Mr. Watt's acquaintance, and having been taken to his shop, in 1758, by Dr. Simson and Dr. Dick, the Professor of Natural Philosophy, an intimate friendship arose between the two young philosophers. Expecting to see only a workman, Mr. Robison was surprised to find a philosopher, and though he thought himself "a good proficient in his favorite study," he was mortified to find Mr. Watt so much his superior. In 1759 Mr. Robison left College, became a midshipman for four years, and was present in some of the most remarkable actions of the war.* Having suffered much from a seafaring life, Mr. Robison was obliged to quit his profession, and resume his academical habits in Glasgow. His acquaintance with Mr. Watt was then renewed; and he has given us the following interesting account of the little academy that assembled in Mr. Watt's house. "All the young lads," says he, "that were any way remarkable for scientific predilections, were acquaintances of Mr. Watt, and his parlor was a rendezvous for all of this description. Whenever any puzzle came in the way of any of us, we went to Mr. Watt. He needed only to be prompted; everything became to him the beginning of a new and serious study; and we knew he would not quit

it, till he had either discovered its insignificance, or had made something of it. No matter in what line—languages, antiquity, natural history, nay, poetry, criticism and works of taste; as to anything in the line of engineering, whether civil or military, he was at home, and a ready instructor. Hardly any projects, such as canals, deepening the river, surveys, or the like, were undertaken in the neighborhood without consulting Mr. Watt; and he was even importuned to take the charge of some considerable works of this kind, though they were such as he had not the smallest experience in."

It was in one of the conversations in this academic parlor, that Mr. Watt's attention was first turned to steam-engines. Dr. Robison had thrown out the idea of applying them to wheel-carriages, and to other purposes; but as he had been called to St. Petersburg to occupy an important position in that city, no steps were taken to realize the valuable suggestion. The seed, however, was sown in Mr. Watt's mind, and it sprang up with its green leaf in 1761 and 1762, when the recollection of the idea induced him not only to make some experiments on the subject, but to construct a model of the machinery. Mr. Robison had suggested, that on applying the steam-engine to wheel-carriages, it would be most convenient to place the cylinder with its open end downwards, to avoid the necessity of using a working beam.* "In consequence," continues Mr. Watt, "I began a model with two cylinders of tinplate, to act alternately by means of rack motions upon two pinions attached to the axis of the wheels of the carriage; but the model being slightly and inaccurately made, did not answer expectation. New difficulties presented themselves. Both Robison and myself had other avocations which were necessary to be attended to; and neither of us having then any idea of the true principles of the machine, the scheme was dropped."

The experiments made by Mr. Watt in 1761-2, were performed in a Papin's digester, which he converted into a species of steam-engine, by fixing upon it a syringe one-third of an inch in diameter, having a solid piston and a cock for admitting and shutting off the steam, and also for making a communication from the inside of the syringe to the open air. When a free passage was thus made between the digester and syringe, the steam entered the syringe, and raised the piston, loaded with a weight of fifteen pounds. When the piston was raised to its proper height, the communi-

* An interesting anecdote of Mr. Robison and General Wolfe will be found in this Journal, vol. xix, p. 494, note.

* Mr. Robison had previously published this suggestion, illustrated by a rough woodcut of the inverted cylinder, in *The Universal Magazine of Knowledge and Pleasure*, for November 1757, vol. xxiv., pp. 229-231.

cation with the digester was shut, and that with the atmosphere opened, the steam escaped, and the weight descended. These operations were repeated; and though in this extempore apparatus the cock was turned by hand, yet he saw how it could be done by the machine itself, and how it could be made to work with perfect regularity. Although Mr. Watt relinquished the idea of constructing such a steam-engine, owing to the danger of bursting the boiler, the difficulty of making the joints tight, and the loss of much of the steam from there being no vacuum to assist the piston in its descent, he nevertheless described it in the specification of his patent for 1769, and afterwards in that of 1784, along with a method of employing it in moving wheel-carriages.

Mr. Watt's professional avocations prevented him from prosecuting these experiments, and but for an accident, he might never have resumed them. Among the apparatus of the natural philosophy class, there was a pretty model of Newcomen's steam engine, which Professor Anderson sent to Mr. Watt to be repaired. With the knowledge which he had acquired from Desaguliers and Belidor, he repaired it "as a mere mechanician." It was for a while a "fine play thing" in the hands of himself and Mr. Robison, but it soon became an object of serious study; and Mr. Watt was surprised to find that though the boiler appeared to be large enough, it could not supply the necessary quantity of steam. It produced no more than what gave a few strokes. The fire was blown, and the water made to boil more violently, but in place of continuing the motion by a more plentiful supply of steam, it stopped the machine altogether. Mr. Watt was not long in finding out the causes of this defect in the model. He saw that a large quantity of steam was wasted, and that the engine could only be improved by increasing the production of the steam, and diminishing its waste. He improved the boiler by making it of wood and placing the fire within it. He made his cylinder of baked wood soaked in linseed oil; but after these and other precautions had been taken, he found that more than three-fourths of the admitted steam was condensed and wasted during the ascent of the piston.

Mr. Watt's next attempt was to obtain a more perfect vacuum by injecting into the cylinder a greater quantity of water, but having found that this occasioned a disproportionate waste of steam, he ascribed the result to the fact that water boiled in vacuo at temperatures below 100° Fahr. Hence he inferred that at greater temperatures, the water in the cylinder would produce steam which would in part resist the pressure of the atmosphere. Under these circumstances, he ascertained by experiment the temperature at

which water boils under different pressures greater than that of the atmosphere; and he was also led to observe the remarkable fact explicable by Dr. Black's doctrine of latent heat, that water converted into steam can heat six times its own weight of well water to 212°, or till it can condense no more steam. With these data he came to the conclusion, that in order to obtain the greatest mechanical power from steam, it was in the first place necessary that the cylinder should be maintained always as hot as the steam which entered it; and in the second place, that when the steam was condensed, the water of which it was composed and the injected water itself should be cooled down to 100° or lower. The method of obtaining the results did not immediately occur to him; but in the spring of 1765, he found that the great object of his research could be accomplished by *condensing the steam in a separate vessel*. Dr. Robison has given such an interesting account of his interview with Mr. Watt after he had made this great discovery, that we cannot withhold it from our readers.

I came, he says, "into Mr. Watt's parlor, and found him sitting before the fire, having lying on his knee a little tin cistern, which he was looking at. I entered upon conversation on what we had been speaking of at last meeting,—something about steam. All the while Mr. Watt kept looking at the fire, and laid down the cistern at the foot of his chair. At last he looked at me and said, briskly, "You need not *fash* yourself any more about that, man; I have now made an engine that shall not waste a particle of steam. It shall be boiling hot; ay, and hot water injected if I please." So saying, Mr. Watt looked with complacency at the little thing at his feet, and seeing that I observed him, he shoved it away under the table with his foot. I put a question to him about the nature of his contrivance. He answered me rather dryly. I did not press him for a further explanation at that time, knowing that I offended him a few days before by blabbing a pretty contrivance which he had hit on for turning the cocks of the engine. I had mentioned this in presence of an engine-builder, who was going to erect one for a friend of mine; and this having come to Mr. Watt's ears, he found fault with it.

I was very anxious, however, to learn what Mr. Watt had contrived, but was obliged to go to the country in the evening. A gentleman, who was going to the same house, said, that he would give me a place in his carriage, and desired me to wait for him on the walk by the river side. I went thither and found Mr. Alexander Brown, a very intimate acquaintance of Mr. Watt's, walking with another gentleman, (Mr. Craig, architect.) Mr. Brown immediately accosted me with, "Well, have you seen Jamie Watt?" "Yes." "He'll be in high spirits now with his engine, isn't he?" "Yes," said I, "very fine spirits." "Gad," says Mr. Brown, "the condenser's the thing; keep it but cold enough, and

you may have a perfect vacuum. whatever be the heat of the cylinder." The instant he said this, the whole flashed on my mind at once. I did all I could to encourage the conversation, but was much embarrassed. I durst not appear ignorant of the apparatus, lest Mr. Brown should find that he communicated more than he ought to have done. I could only learn that there was a vessel, called a condenser, which communicated with the cylinder, and that this condenser was immersed in cold water, and had a pump to clear it of the water which was formed in it. I also learned that the great difficulty was to make the piston tight, and that leather and felt had been tried, and were found quite unable to stand the heat.

Having discovered the great principle of separate condensation, Mr. Watt applied in 1768, for letters-patent for his "Method of lessening the consumption of steam, and consequently of fuel in fire engines." It passed the seals in January 1769, and his specification was enrolled in Chancery on the following April. It contained the description of three great inventions. *First*, Of the steam-engine, with all his improvements; *secondly*, of the high-pressure engine already mentioned; and *thirdly*, of the rotatory steam-engine, in which the steam vessel has the form of hollow rings or circular channels, with proper inlets and outlets for the steam.

During the time that his patent was passing the seals, and even earlier, arrangements were going on with Dr. Roebuck* respecting the formation of a copartnery for the manufacturing of the new fire-engines, as they were then called. Mr. Boulton had expressed a wish to have a share in the concern, and Mr. Watt, who was very desirous that he should engage in it, wrote to him on the 20th of October 1768, in order to acquaint him with the arrangements he had made with Mr. Roebuck. Before he had brought the theory of the fire-engine to its present state, Mr. Watt had involved himself in a considerable debt. In 1765, a friend who was to have bought a share in the patent died, and at that time Dr. Roebuck agreed to take his debts upon him, and to lay out whatever money was necessary either for experiments, or for securing the invention. The debts and expenses had amounted to £1200, and as Dr. Roebuck, from his other engagements,† could not pay much at-

tention to the executive part of the concern, while Mr. Watt himself, "from his natural inactivity and want of health and resolution, was incapable of it," he was delighted with the idea of having Mr. Boulton as a partner, and begged Dr. Roebuck to make him an offer of a third of the concern, he paying the half of the cost and "whatever he might think the risk he has run deserves, which last he leaves to himself." Mr. Watt added that, "if he should not choose to engage on these terms, they could make him an offer when the whole was more perfect."

In the month of November Mr. Watt was busily occupied with his specification, which he had written out two or three times without being satisfied with it. In December 1768 he had finished a complete model of his reciprocating engine, and on the 22d of that month Dr. Roebuck writes to him "that he would be sorry to risk the property of the engine," and begs Mr. Watt to write by the first post to his friend to take out the patent, as he can spare the money without inconvenience. Mr. Boulton had returned no answer to Dr. Roebuck's offer, which was considerably different from what Mr. Watt led him to expect;* and at last, in February 1769, Mr. Boulton declines to engage in the concern, as he could not go to Scotland, nor Dr. Roebuck to England, and as "he was saturated with undertakings." He "lives in hopes, however, that they should hit upon some scheme or other that might associate them in his part of the world, which would render it still more agreeable to him than it is, by the acquisition of such a neighbor."

At this time Mr. Watt and his friends were alarmed by the intelligence that a linen draper of the name of Moore had taken out a patent "for drawing chaises, etc., by steam." Mr. Watt wrote to his friend Dr. Small, "that if he did not use *his* engine to drive his chaises, he could not drive them by steam." "If he does," he adds, "I will stop him. I suppose by the rapidity of his progress and puffing he is too volatile to be dangerous. . . . Of all things in life there is nothing more foolish than inventing. Here I work five or more years contriving an engine, and Mr. Moore hears of it, is more *éveillé*, gets three patents at once, publishes himself in the newspapers, hires two thousand men, sets them to work for

* Dr. Roebuck was the grandfather of J. A. Roebuck, M. P. for Sheffield, who, descended from him on the one side, and from the Tickells on the other, may be said to unite in himself rare claims to hereditary distinction; but who is probably destined to exalt the names of his family still higher by his own virtues."—Lord Brougham's *Lives of Philosophers*, Edit. 55, vol. i. p. 41. Lord Brougham states in a note, that the maternal grandfather of Mr. Roebuck, M. P., was the author of "Anticipation," and grandson of Addison's friend the poet.

† Dr. Roebuck at this time rented the extensive

coal and salt works belonging to the Duke of Hamilton, at Kinniel near Borrowstoness, and in order to satisfy him respecting his invention, Mr. Watt fitted up, in the offices of Kinniel House, one of his engines with an 18-inch cylinder, with which various experiments were made as described in their correspondence.

* Mr. Roebuck had offered him a share of the property only as far as respects the counties of Warwick, Stafford and Derby.

the whole world in Sir George's Fields, gets a fortune at once, and prosecutes me for using my own invention! You talk to me about coming to England, just as if I was an Indian that had nothing to remove but my person. Why do we encumber ourselves with anything else?"

Though he had declined a share in the co-partnery, Mr. Boulton required one or more engines for his own use, and when Mr. Watt learned this, he pressed his friend Dr. Small to "negotiate the following affair with Mr. Boulton:—

If Mr. Boulton will make a model of it of twenty inches diameter at least, I will give him my advice, and as much assistance as I can. He shall have liberty to erect one of any size for his own use, or if he should choose more, the terms will be easy, and I shall consider myself as much obliged to him. If it should answer, and he should not think himself repaid for his trouble by the use of it, he shall make and use it until he is paid. If this is agreeable to him let me know, and I will propose it to the Doctor, and doubt not of his consent.—I wish Mr. Boulton and you had entered into some negotiation with the Doctor about coming in as partners. I am assured it is now too late; for the nearer it approaches to certainty he (Dr. Roebuck) grows more tenacious of it. For my part I still think as I did, that it would be for our mutual advantage. His expectations are solely from the reciprocator. Possibly he may be tempted to part with the half of the circulator to you. This I say of myself. Mr. Boulton asked if the circulator was contrived since our agreement; it was, but it is a part of the scheme, and was virtually included in it.

. . . . I am resolved, unless those things I have brought to some perfection reward me for the time and money I have lost on them, *if I can resist it*, to invent no more. Indeed I am not near so capable as I once was.* I find I am not the same person I was four years ago, when I invented the fire engine, and foresaw even before I made a model, almost every circumstance that has since occurred. I was at that time pressed on by the alluring hope of placing myself above want, without being obliged to have much dealing with mankind, to whom I have always been a dupe. The necessary experience in great was wanting; in acquiring it I have met with many disappointments. I must have sunk under the burden of them if I had not been supported by the friendship of Dr. Roebuck. . . . I have now brought the engine near a conclusion, yet I am not in idea nearer that rest I wish for than I was four years ago. However, I am resolved to do all I can to carry on this business, and if it does not thrive with me, I will lay aside the burden I cannot carry.—Vol. i. p. 55.

In the preceding details, and especially in the preceding letter, we obtain a view of the cruel infancy of invention,—of the first suf-

* Mr. Watt was now only thirty-three years of age.

ferings of a man of genius, whom Providence has raised up as a benefactor to his country and his species. Though not a pauper, the possessor of genius is always poor. He can maintain himself and his family by the profession of his choice; but in the depths of his ever active mind, he has desisted some social want to be supplied, some object of philosophy to be attained, or some lofty pursuit to which he instinctively turns. He tries his intellectual strength, and he feels that he has the mission, and the power, to attain the object to which he aspires. He proceeds: he elaborates a great invention, or perfects a great discovery, and a wasted frame, an empty purse, and, perchance a starving family, measure the labor which he has expended. Success now justifies his exertions, and hope cheers him with the prospect of reward. In Mr. Watt's case, the two philosophers of Glasgow, among the most distinguished men of the age—Dr. Robison and Dr. Black—admire his invention, and testify to its national value; but they can do nothing to help the inventor. He has expended £1200 in bring it to perfection, and in securing a fallacious protection from a fallacious statute; but without funds to organize an establishment for the manufacture of his fire-engine, it slumbers an unfledged idea, cramped in models, or shrouded in diagrams. Had a foreigner seen the inventor in this dilemma, he would have asked if there was no representative of the city to tell the Board of Trade, or of Admiralty, of the valuable prize within their reach, or indicate to the adviser of the crown that he might add to his own reputation and that of his sovereign, were he, like the Colberts of another age and another land, to become the patron of genius. We would have whispered to the foreigner, that city representatives knew nothing of steam-engines,—that the President of the Board of Trade knew little,—that the First Lord of the Admiralty knew less, and that the Prime Minister himself knew less than them all, and might perhaps have considered a fire-engine as an infernal machine to upset the monarchy.

In the European community however, there were then sovereigns who did not extort fees for their servants out of the purse of genius, who had no Attorney-general to rob the inventor at his entrance into the Patent-office, and no attendant sharks to devour him before his exit. There were, and still are sovereigns, who despatch invitations to collect wise men as the best ornaments of their thrones, and gather from every land useful inventions for the benefit of their people. When the sovereign of England and his minister were not cognizant of the existence of the Scottish philosophers, the Empress of Russia was inviting Mr. Robison and Mr. Watt to fill lucrative places in her capital. Mr. Robison obeyed

the summons: but Mr. Watt loved his country better than his country loved him, and resolved to die, as he had lived, in England.

In this state of anxiety and uncertainty, Mr. Watt goes on improving his fire-engine, but with no prospect of bringing it advantageously into the market. Capital and enterprise are both wanting; and Mr. Roebuck, possessing two-thirds of the patent, and anxious as he was for Mr. Watt's success and his own, could not embark in so gigantic an undertaking. He clung, however, to the property, as promising to be of great value; and it was with some difficulty that Mr. Watt induced him to have a personal interview with Mr. Boulton, in reference to the offer which he had made. Mr. Watt placed the most unlimited confidence in the honesty of Mr. Roebuck. "He has been to me," he says in a letter to Dr. Small, "a most sincere and generous friend, and is a truly worthy man. As for myself I shall say nothing, but that if you three can agree among yourselves, you may appoint me what share you please, and shall find me willing to do my best to advance the good of the whole; or if this should not succeed, to do any other thing I can, to make you all amends, only reserving to myself the liberty of grumbling." In writing to Dr. Roebuck under these feelings, he presses upon him, by various arguments, the great advantages that would accrue to himself by the admission of Mr. Boulton into the concern; and though the firm at Birmingham had just embarked in another scheme which required all the money they could spare, they were induced to accept of Dr. Roebuck's offer. Mr. Boulton purchases one of the two-thirds of Dr. Roebuck's share for a sum not less than £1000, "as you (Mr. Boulton), after the experiments of the engine shall be completed, shall think just and reasonable; and twelve months from this date you are to take your final resolution." Mr. Watt was delighted with this arrangement, and thought he saw in it a termination to his disappointments, and the accomplishment of his plans.

Deriving nothing from his invention, either before or after the passing of his patent, Mr. Watt was obliged to maintain himself and his family by exercising his talents as a surveyor and engineer. He had given up his shop and his profession as a mathematical instrument maker in 1768, and had found a congenial employment in surveying the Forth and Clyde Canal, and in making plans of the river Clyde for the purpose of improving its navigation.* "This," he says, "I would not have meddled with had I been certain of being able to bring

the engine to bear; but I cannot, in an uncertainty, refuse every piece of business that offers. I have refused some common fire engines, because they must have taken my attention so up as to hinder my going on with my own. However, if I cannot make it answer soon, I shall certainly undertake the next that offers; for I cannot afford to trifle away my whole life, which, God knows, may not be long. Not that I think myself a proper hand for keeping men to their duty; but I must use my endeavor to make myself square with the world, if I can, though I much fear I never shall."

This arrangement with Mr. Boulton dissipated these fears, and Mr. Watt continued in the exercise of his profession as a civil-engineer, devoting all his leisure to the great desideratum of saving steam by preventing its waste in the cylinder. The experimental engine at Kinniel was subjected to every new idea, and in Mr. Watt's correspondence with Dr. Small, we are put in possession of the different inventions, illustrated by diagrams, by which he brought it into the condition at which he aimed. This correspondence, so fortunately preserved, possesses a peculiar interest. Mr. Watt apologizes for the devotion of his time to canal making. He cannot, however, refuse the offer of persons "who have a much higher idea of his abilities than they merit." He finds it a hard life to be "bustling and bargaining with mankind." His superintendence of 150 men, and tyros of undertakers, occupies his time, "the remainder of which is taken up by headaches and other bad health." "He is growing gray without having made any provision for his wife and children;" and though thus distracted, he longs "to have another touch at the engine," just as Sir Isaac Newton, when distracted by the affairs of the Mint, resolved "to have another stroke at the moon."

While Mr. Watt is thus laboring with his theodolite, Messrs. Boulton and Small are busy with the construction of one of his engines, called the circulator, with the view of applying it to the propulsion of canal boats; but even this part of their plans was frustrated.—The Coalbrookdale Ironmasters sent unsound castings, which they could not use. An eminent caster at Bilston was accordingly employed, and they now counted upon the application of the circulator without a condenser to "above 150 boats now employed on these new waveless canals." A new canal was projected at Birmingham, in which the water to supply the locks was to be raised by fire engines, and Mr. Watt was urged to have his reciprocator ready for that purpose. Mr. Watt warns his friends of the difficulties they will meet with in their scheme of constructing the circulator, and applying it to boats, and at the same time gives them the means of surmount-

* Mr. Watt was employed, in 1770 by the Trustees of the Annexed Estates in surveying a canal from Perth to Coupar-Angus, and also in some surveys of lesser canals.

ing them. He approves of their dispensing with the condenser, provided they make the boiler strong enough to bear a pressure of thirty feet of water, and *he suggests the use of a spiral oar (of which he gives a drawing) to be applied to the boats in place of two wheels.*

New prospects open up to our engineers. In addition to the expectation of impelling canal boats, they receive intelligence that four or five copper mines in Cornwall are about to be abandoned from the high price of coal. The York Building Company, too, are waiting for the reciprocator, and a mining company in Derbyshire desires to know when Mr. Watt is to be in England. Difficulties however attend the completion of the circulator. The buyers of fire engines hearing that "no engine has yet been made on Mr. Watt's principles, doubt whether any could be made;" and Mr. Boulton laid prostrate with a fever for five weeks, is unfit for business. A crisis among the manufacturers in Scotland takes place, and Dr. Roebuck, the possessor of one third of Mr. Watt's patent, becomes bankrupt. Mr. Watt's debts consequently, which Dr. Roebuck was to pay as the price of his shares, fall back upon himself, and Mr. Watt has little expectation of receiving any help from the settlement of his affairs. His only hope is that the Dr. will make some arrangement with Mr. Boulton; but this hope is again blasted by a letter from Dr. Small. "Unless, he says, we can concert some plan of pushing this affair with a very small capital, I begin to fear in the present state of commercial matters, let the merit of either engine prove what it will, that we shall not be able to do justice to you or your inventions. Everybody seems to tremble for the approaching Christmas, and everybody finds it absolutely necessary to be provided against larger demands than usual." Mr. Watt is advised to "reconcile himself to engineering in the vulgar manner," and it is suggested that he should come to Birmingham "to be employed in canals there."

Hitherto Dr. Roebuck clung to his property in the patent as a reasonable means of relieving him from his difficulties; but nearly five years of the patent had expired, and he is now willing to dispose of the whole or the greater part of it. Mr. Watt intimates this to Dr. Small, and urges him to induce Mr. Boulton to take at least half the property into their hands. He proposes to spend some time with them in winter, and seems disposed to take employment in England. He is unwilling "to continue a slave to his present hateful employment," for which he thinks he has no other qualification than that of honesty, which reproaches him for keeping it so long; and in the following interesting account of himself, he indicates to his friend the nature

of the work which he is willing to accept in England.

"Remember, in recommending me to business, that what I can promise to perform is to make an accurate survey and faithful report of anything in the engineer way; to direct the course of canals; to lay out the ground, and to measure the cubic yards to cut or to be cut; to assist in bargaining for the price of work, to direct how it ought to be executed, and to give my opinion of the execution to the managers from time to time. But I can upon no account have anything to do with workmen, cash, or workmen's accounts, nor would I choose to be so bound up to one object that I could not occasionally serve such friends as might employ me in smaller matters. Remember also I have no great experience, and am not enterprising, seldom choosing to attempt things that are both great and new. I am not a man of regularity in business, and have bad health. Take care not to give anybody a better opinion of me than I deserve; it will hurt me in the end.

Liberal and unselfish as were Mr. Watt's proposals to Dr. Small, they did not prove successful. Beside the money difficulties, Dr. Small tells him there is another which is insuperable at present. "It is impossible," he adds, "for Mr. Boulton or me, or any other honest man to purchase, especially from two particular friends, what has no market price, and at a time when they might be inclined to part with the commodity at an under value." Along with these not very satisfactory reasons for declining the purchase, Dr. Small tells his friend that the boiler for the concentrator is not yet ready;—that it is promised next week, and that he and Mr. Boulton propose to unite these things under Mr. Watt's direction. Mr. Watt is resigned to this intelligence, admires the delicacy of his friends, promises to trouble them no more till he sees them, when they "must expect another onset unless they positively say that they do not think it practicable or profitable." He is willing to serve them in any way they choose to employ him—to execute a survey—to draw a plan—or to contrive a machine. His correspondent, Dr. Small, becomes poetical—he complains of an *ennui mortel*. He has about ten capital points in philosophy, all capable of procuring fame, and two of procuring fortune, but he cannot resolve to prosecute them. He "shall soon be *pulvis et umbra*, and fold his arms in sleep," yet he is inventing micrometers and improving telescopes and microscopes. Mr. Watt, in the interregnum of fire-engines, is inventing dividing machines for dividing an inch into 1000 parts on glass, and two problems, one trigonometrical for clearing the observed distance of the moon of refraction and parallax, another instrumental by means of a sector, which, if of three feet radius, will

solve the problem to ten seconds—and he is solving another more essential to himself, which is to determine what force is necessary to dredge up a cubic yard of mud under any given depth of water.

Before Mr. Watt embarked in his new employment at Birmingham, Dr. Small, the victim of ennui, proposes to stand for a vacant chair in the College of Edinburgh, and while the two friends, each contemplating a change of position, are corresponding about their views, a new light breaks upon the gloom which had settled upon both their spirits. Dr. Roebuck's creditors were to meet on the 2d April 1773, and Mr. Boulton, a creditor to the extent of £630, authorized Mr. Watt to make any arrangement with them he pleases in reference to the debt and the patent right. Mr. Watt having received the thousand pounds in return for two-thirds of his patent, generously relieves Dr. Roebuck of all the other sums which he was bound to pay, and purchases for Mr. Boulton, for £630, the amount of the debt due to him, Dr. Roebuck's share in the patent, it being agreed that Mr. Watt and Mr. Boulton shall fix "what part of the annual free profits shall be given to the Doctor in case of success." Mr. Watt's grand object was now attained. He was virtually a partner with Boulton and Small, and he saw in the distance the realization of all his views. But, alas! his evil genius again thwarted him. Mr. Boulton, though he had given the fullest powers to Mr. Watt, declined to ratify the bargain on the ground that Dr. Roebuck's creditors were the parties that were entitled to the reserved share in the annual profits, and consequently to interfere in the copartnery. Mr. Watt saw the difficulty, and made various proposals to remove it, but none of them seemed to satisfy Mr. Boulton. In this state of perplexity a severe domestic affliction befell Mr. Watt. On the 24th September 1773, when he was engaged in the survey of the Caledonian Canal, Mrs. Watt, to whom he had been married only nine years, and by whom he had a family of two sons and two daughters, died in giving birth to a still-born son. In communicating the event to his friend, he says, "You are happy, Small, who have no such connection. Yet the misfortune might have fallen upon me when I had less ability to bear it, and my poor children might have been left suppliants to the mercy of the wide world. I know that grief must have its period, but I have much to suffer first. I grieve for myself, not for my friend; for if probity, charity, and duty to her family can entitle her to a better state, she enjoys it. I am left to mourn."

Mr. Boulton remains silent on the subject of the copartnery, and Dr. Small and Mr. Watt correspond about their minor inven-

tions—Mr. Watt about his micrometers and drawing machine, and the Doctor about his patent for steeple and other clocks. The two men of genius, notwithstanding their inventive powers, are far from happy.

"This ennui of yours," says Mr. Watt, "is vilely infectious. I believe, like the plague, it can come by post. It has seized upon me. I am not melancholy, but I have lost much of my attachment to the world, even to my own devices. Man's life's must be spent, you say, in labor or ennui; mine is spent in both. I long much to see you, to hear your nonsenses and to communicate my own; but so many things are in the way, and I am so poor that I know not when it can be.

"I am heart sick of the country; I am indolent to excess, and what alarms me most, I grow the longer the stupider. My memory fails me so as often to forget occurrences of the very current dates. For myself, condemned to a life of business, nothing can be more disagreeable to me; I tremble to hear the name of a man I have any transactions to settle with."

Mr. Watt's whole gains during the preceding year did not exceed £200, and there were so many disagreeable circumstances attending his profession, that he resolved to change his abode, and either to try England, or endeavor to get some lucrative place abroad.—The fire engines are no more heard of. The circulator even, that was to have been ready long before this, is no longer talked of. The patent copartnery arrangement also slumbers, and Dr. Small has no better comfort for his friend than to advise him to "puff his drawing machine in the newspapers," or write a book upon steam. This terminates the year 1773; and 1774 commences with a sagacious letter from Dr. James Hutton, the celebrated geologist. "May the new year," he says, "be fertile to you in lucky events, but no new inventions. Invention is too great a work to be well paid for in a state where the general system is to be best paid for the thing that is easiest done. No man should invent but those that live by the public; they may do it through gratitude, and those who from pride choose to leave a legacy to the public. Every other man should only invent as much as he can easily consume himself and serve his friends." In the spring of 1774 Mr. Watt at last undertakes his journey to Birmingham, to enter upon a new occupation, and to endeavor to bring his friends into compliance with his views. He takes with him as testimonials copies of his reports and plans of the Caledonian and other canals, and his dividing machines and other inventions; and he hopes to have, as the companions of his journey, the celebrated Dr. Black, and the no less celebrated Dr. Hutton, "the famous fossil philosopher."

The correspondence with Dr. Small has now terminated. This very distinguished individual, whose letters to Mr. Watt are full of talent, died on the 25th February 1775, amid the tears of the brilliant circle with which Birmingham was at that time adorned—the Bouldons, the Watts, the Keirs, the Darwins, the Galtons, the Witherings, and the Priestleys.

"Cold contemplation leant her aching head,
On human woe her steady eye she turned,
Waved her meek hand, and sigh'd for science dead;
For science, virtue, and for Small she mourn'd."

DARWIN.

In strains equally full of grief Mr. Day mourned the loss of his accomplished friend:—

O gentle bosom! O unsullied mind!
O friend to truth, to virtue and mankind!
Thy dear remains we trust to this sad shrine,
Secure to feel no second loss like thine!*

Dr. Small, and the distinguished friends who now mourned his loss, were in the practice of meeting monthly at each other's houses, under the name of the *Lunar Society*, at the time of full moon, in order that they might have the benefit of its light on returning to their homes.† At these dinner parties the profoundest topics were discussed between the hours of two and eight o'clock, and some of the brilliant lights of the present day can be traced backwards to their birth at these convivial meetings.

We have already mentioned, that Mr. Watt was, in 1773, invited by Mr. Robison to Russia, to occupy some important station at St. Petersburg. When he became, at a later period, "heart-sick of his country," and longed "for some lucrative place abroad," he no doubt regretted that he had declined the invitation of his friend. In the spring of 1775, however, the invitation was renewed in a different form, and from a different quarter. The Russian ambassador—the purveyor of genius and inventions for his country—had been informed of Mr. Watt and his fire-engines, when Lord North, the British premier, had never heard the name of the one, or known the value of the other. What, indeed, had he to do with either? It was his function to keep himself in place. The steam-engine could not grapple with corruption, or tear up the rank weeds with which faction entangles the foot of power. An office with a salary of £1,000 a year, and involving "duties suited to his own inclinations and acquirements," was offered to Mr. Watt by the Imperial Government. The loss of Dr. Small

had fortunately opened the eyes of Mr. Boulton, and he could not afford to part with Mr. Watt. In the same letter* in which he announces to Mr. Watt the death of Dr. Small, he tells him that "his going to Russia staggers him. The precariousness of your health, the dangers of so long a journey or voyage, and my own deprivation of consolation, render me a little uncomfortable, but I wish to assist and advise you for the best, without regard to self." Mr. Boulton himself had sounded the praises of Mr. Watt to the scientific ambassador, and he was therefore entitled to the merit of the act, or was responsible for its consequences.

Nor was the prospect of losing Mr. Watt less alarming to his literary friends. Dr. Darwin exclaims from Lichfield,† "Lord, how frightened I was when I heard a Russian bear had laid hold of you, and was dragging you to Russia! Pray, don't go if you can help it. Russia is the den of Cacus: you see the foot-step of many beasts going thither, but of few returning. I hope your fire-engines will keep you here." Other friends interposed with louder notes of alarm: the ill-usage of Captain Perry, who, in the time of Peter the Great, had been driven from Russia without his pay, was the most appropriate of the bugbears presented to Mr. Watt; but he did not now require to be "frightened from his propriety," for his prospects had brightened up never again to be absolutely darkened.

The patent had now only eight years to run, and the scheme of petitioning parliament for a prolongation of it, was now keenly adopted by Mr. Watt and his friends. He writes to his father that his fire-engine is now going on, that it answers much better than any other, and that he expects it will be beneficial to him. With such expectations, he resolved to decline the offer from Russia, and to stake his all on the contingency of obtaining an act of parliament. What the consequences of this resolution were to Mr. Watt, his future history will show; and the reader will judge for himself, and from Watt's own letters, how far his final success was a compensation for the toils and anxieties by which it was achieved. What the consequences were to England and to civilized society, may be seen in the workshops, the railways, and the steamships of the world. In contemplating such a picture of social progress, may we not ask, What would have been the consequences to Mr. Watt, to England, and to society, had Mr. Watt become a Russian subject;—an article of export, on which the legislature had imposed no prohibitory duty; a contribution of genius to other nations, which England has at all times liberally made? With regard to Mr. Watt personally, the question is not difficult to answer. He would have escaped

* Keir's *Account of the Life and Writings of Thomas Day*, p. 63, 1791.

† Mr. Muirhead has given an interesting notice of this literary and scientific club, vol. i. p. clix.

* February 25, 1775.

† March 29, 1775.

from the piracy of his inventions, from the martyrdom of an English patent, from the heartbreaking anxieties of a suitor for justice; and he would have risen to wealth, and rank, and honor, under an autocrat, doubtless, but amid a people where humble merit has always been courted and prized. It is more difficult to estimate what England would have lost, and what society would have suffered. The arts which now enrich British industry, and fill the treasury of the state, and stamp our island as the benefactor of the world, — these arts nursed in Russia by Mr. Watt's genius, might have taken root on the continent, and left England shorn of her manufacturing and commercial greatness. If the steamboat, invented and tabooed in Scotland, was allowed to take its flight across the Atlantic and to come to maturity in the New World before its adoption in the Old, is it not fair to suppose, that the fire-engines of Mr. Watt, transported to Russia, would have come to maturity in that and other continental states, and might have there brought to their present state of perfection all the mechanical arts, before it found a patron and a home in England? Thus should we either have lagged behind our rivals in other lands, or found it difficult to contend with them in that race of manufacturing and commercial industry in which the patriotism of Mr. Watt has placed us so far before them.

The inventor of the fire-engine is now established at Birmingham, the partner of Mr. Boulton, under a contract for twenty-five years, by which he is to have one-third of the property and profits, Mr. Boulton paying all the expenses of the Act of Parliament and experiments, and advancing all the stock, while Mr. Watt was to make drawings and surveys. Mr. Boulton announces that they are "on the eve of a fortune." Applications for engines, even from foreign countries, are numerous; and "if they had a hundred wheels (circulators) ready made, a hundred small engines and twenty large ones, he could readily dispose of them." Rivals, however, are in the field. Smeaton and other eminent engineers talk of great improvements, and it is therefore necessary not only to get a prolongation of their patent, but to invent new improvements, and render their engines superior to others that may be brought into the market. In May, 1775, Mr. Watt informs his father that he has obtained an Act of Parliament vesting the property of his fire-engines in him and his assigns for twenty-five years; "and that it was opposed by the most powerful people in the House of Commons." Mr. Arago was anxious "to discover to what class in society belonged the parliamentary personages" of whom Mr. Watt here speaks, "who refused to the man of genius a small portion of the riches which he was about to create." When the name of Burke

was mentioned, his astonishment was indescribable. Mr. Arago did not know, what Mr. Muirhead has since told us, that Burke opposed the prolongation of the patent from a sense of duty to a constituent! — that modification of the sense of smell by which statesmen find it more lucrative to legislate for one individual than for the community.

But whatever were the grounds of opposition which he had to encounter in Parliament, Mr. Watt had now gained the object of his ambition, a wealthy, an honest, and a diligent partner, with an Act of the legislature to support them. He had now to perfect the engine; and with the aid of Mr. Wilkinson, who had introduced a new method of boring large iron cylinders, he was enabled to construct fire-engines with cylinders fifty inches in diameter, and to introduce those important improvements by which he prevented any escape of heat from the cylinder.

In the discharge of his duties Mr. Watt was obliged to be absent for long periods in the mining districts of Cornwall, pushing his fire engine into notice, obtaining orders, extending connections, superintending the erection of new engines, mending old ones, attending the meetings of mining adventurers, and discussing with course and illiterate minds subjects of which he alone was cognizant. Speaking of the first engine he erected in Cornwall he says, "at present the velocity, magnitude, violence, and horrible noise of the engine gave universal satisfaction to all beholders, believers or not. I have once or twice trimmed the engine, made it work gently and make less noise; but Mr. — cannot sleep unless it runs quite furious, so I have left it to the engine-man. And by the by, the noise serves to convey great ideas of the power to the ignorant, who seem to be no more taken with modest merit in an engine than in a man." Among people so ignorant, where *the engine-men actually eat the grease of the engine*, Mr. Watt was not happy, even though "he was distracted with multiplicity of orders." His troubles increased with his business. He could not get intelligent clerks, and it was difficult to procure castings of the metal work which he had designed. Headaches and despondency supervened, "the natural consequence," as he says, "of staking every thing on the cast of a die, as was every project that is not sanctioned by repeated success." Hence it was his anxious "prayer for peace of mind and delivery from Cornwall." But in the midst of this anxiety and labor his inventive powers were always at work, whether he was basking in the sunshine of society at Birmingham, or groaning amid the Cornish Mountains, or lying sleepless, as he often did, on his uneasy couch.

It had now become a question of great in-

terest with Boulton and Watt how they were to obtain the profit of their labor and their enterprise. Should it be by the sale of their engines, as might naturally have been supposed, or from the advantages which their engines procured for their purchasers? They resolved to adopt the latter of these plans, and to exact only from their customers the value of *one third of the fuel saved by the use of their patent*. The engine was to be erected by any qualified workman, from plans furnished by the patentees, who were themselves to execute at a stipulated price all the valves and all other parts that required nice execution. They were to see the whole put together in a working condition,—to keep what was their own work in repair for one year, and to give a guarantee that the engine thus constructed should raise at least 20,000 cubic feet of water twenty-four feet high with every cwt. of coals. The amount of saving in fuel was to be estimated from a comparison between the new engine and the engine of their employers, or any other in Scotland, and the third of this sum, counted in money, was to be the remuneration for the patent license, drawings and other outlays.

The liberality of these terms brought in many customers. The first engine was made for Bedworth in 1776, and between that year and 1780 several large engines were erected in Cornwall, and one at Niort in Brittany;* and previous to 1780 they were used in the water works of London and Paris. Wherever these engines were erected, their great value was recognized, and the amount of saving in fuel surpassed even the expectations of the patentees. In the Chace water mine it was so great even in 1778, that the proprietors re-deemed the payment of one-third of their annual savings for £700 per annum.† In the Poldice mine the patentees were to receive in 1781 £1500 annually, and from the Wheal Virgin mine £2500, indicating an annual saving in the one case of £4500, and in the other of £7500. These very advantages, however, soon became the germs of discontent. The purchasers never considered that they were not called upon to pay much, unless they had gained much; and many of them were not unwilling to find reasons for violating the obligations by which they were bound. In some cases where capital had been expended

in the erection of Newcomen's engines, their proprietors were naturally unwilling to lay them aside, and requested permission from the patentees to use the separate condenser, at that time the leading part of Mr. Watt's improvements. Mr. Smeaton, who had acted with the utmost candor and friendship, applied for the same privilege in 1778, and Mr. Watt, who had previously given the subject much consideration, was ready with a satisfactory reply. He had made an experiment on an engine at Soho to see what would be the effect of applying his condenser, and he found "that though it would enable the old engines to go a little deeper," yet it would have led to the introduction of inferior engines injurious to their reputation, and would not have yielded such profits as would have been satisfactory either to the patentees or the adventurers.

However just and reasonable this explanation was, it was not likely to satisfy those who had to pay annually a large sum, without the conviction that they had got corresponding returns. The purchasers were entitled to use any steam engine without the separate condenser, and we have no doubt that the law would have compelled the patentees to furnish separate condensers, or to give licenses for the use of them, at a reasonable rate. The proprietors of mines did not make this attempt; but they got up the notion that Mr. Watt had obtained a patent for an *Idea* or *Principle*, not embodied in a material piece of mechanism, as the patent law requires; and fortified by this notion, which was backed by legal opinions, they conspired to get rid of their obligations to the patentees.*

Mr. Watt, however, who had foreseen the storm, was doubly prepared for its advent. He was provided with proof that his invention was not an unembodied spirit, which the wealth of Cornwall, and the gentlemen of the wig and the long-robe could exercise; but a substantial reality which had raised water, and crushed minerals, and filled with solid gold the coffers of the conspirators. He was prepared also with more formidable weapons which the ingenuity of the lawyers could not wrest from him, even if a jury had failed to find that there was no substance in his ideas. Between the year 1775 and 1785 he secured, by five several patents, a number of separate inventions of the greatest ingenuity and the highest value, all of them made subsequently to the invention of the separate condenser. In 1781

* In 1778 Messrs. Boulton and Watt obtained an exclusive privilege from the King of France to make and sell their engines in that country.

† This engine with a cylinder of sixty-three inches in diameter, performed the work which had baffled two common engines, one of sixty-six and the other of sixty-four inches, and inspired such confidence that many mines that had been abandoned were again set to work. Five of Mr. Watt's engines were now at work in Cornwall, and eight in contemplation.

* Mr. Watt writes to Mr. Boulton on the 31st of October 1780, "that in place of the Act of Parliament, which is such a grievance to the Cornish adventurers, he would willingly have taken £7000, and made the invention free to all men; but *neither Parliament* nor any body else would then give me that sum; though, by-the-by, I should not have put much of it in my pocket, yet I should have been much richer than I am now."

he took out his second patent for several methods of producing rotative motions from reciprocating ones, among which was the beautiful one of the sun and the planet wheel, which was applied to many engines, but which is subject to wear, and to be broken under great strains. On this account the crank is more frequently used, though it requires a fly-wheel four times the weight if fixed upon the first axis. In 1783 Mr. Watt took out his third patent "for certain new improvements upon steam or fire engines, for raising water and other mechanical purposes, and certain new pieces of mechanism applicable to the same." In the specification of this patent Mr. Watt describes "his expansive steam engine with six different contrivances for equalizing the power of the double stroke steam engine, in which the steam is alternately applied to press on each side of the piston, while a vacuum is formed on the other; and a new compound engine or method connecting together the cylinders and condensers of two or more distinct engines, so as to make the steam which has been employed to press on the piston of the first, act expansively on the piston of the second, and thus derive an additional power to act either alternately or conjointly with that of the first cylinder; *fourth*, the application of toothed racks and sectors to the ends of the piston or pump rack, and to the arches of the working beams, instead of chains; *fifth*, a new reciprocating semirrotative engine, and a new rotative engine or steam wheel."^{*}

These new inventions would have given the Soho engines a superiority over all others, even if the separate condenser had been abandoned; but Mr. Watt still saw defects, and resolved to amend them. He therefore took out in 1784 a fourth patent, "For certain new improvements upon fire and steam engines, and upon machines worked and moved by the same. In the specification of this patent, he describes a new rotative engine, in which the steam-vessel placed in a dense fluid revolves upon a pivot, from the resistance produced by the steam issuing against the fluid. He describes, also, three varieties of the beautiful piece of mechanism called the *parallel motion*, for making the piston and other rods move perpendicularly, or in other straight lines. He specifies, also methods of applying the steam-engine to work pumps, or alternate machinery, by making the rods balance each other;—a method of applying the engine to move mills which have many wheels to move round in concert; a method of applying them to work heavy hammers or stampers;—a new construction and mode of opening valves;—an improved working gear; and finally, a

portable steam-engine and machinery for moving wheel-carriages. Mr. Watt's last patent was taken out in 1785 for improved methods of constructing furnaces and fire-places for various purposes, and in which the smoke is greatly prevented or consumed.

When thus prepared for all the contingencies of legal warfare, hostilities commenced on the part of the Cornish miners in 1792. Engines with separate condensers were erected in several places in defiance of the patent; and Messrs. Boulton and Watt had no alternative but to prosecute the parties. One of these, a person of the name of Bull, had been a stoker in the service of the patentees, and having been promoted to the situation of an assistant engine tender, he had acquired that knowledge of their mechanism which enabled him to imitate their engines. The case against Bull was tried at the Court of Common Pleas, on the 22d June, 1793, before Lord Chief Justice Eyre and a special jury. Among the witnesses for the plaintiffs were De Luc, Herschel, Robison, Lind, Murdoch, Rennie, and Ramsden; and when the counsel for the defenders rose to reply to the evidence, the jury expressed themselves satisfied, and gave a verdict for the plaintiffs, subject to the opinion of the court as to the validity of the patent. By this decision, the originality and value of Mr. Watt's inventions were established; and, what was of essential importance, that a mechanic of ordinary intelligence could, by the specification, construct fire-engines on the principles protected by the patent. The case against Hornblower and Maberly had a similar result.

The great question, however, of the validity of the patent still remained. The Lord Chief Justice had given no clue to his opinion; and among the conflicting views of lawyers and mechanics, even Mr. Watt could not with confidence anticipate the result. Great interests, interests too, that were not legitimate, were at stake; and philosophers, engineers, and mechanics of all kinds, looked forward with anxiety to the impending trial. The two questions which the jury was called upon to decide were, 1st, Whether the patent was good in law, and was continued by the act of parliament; and 2d, Whether the specification in point of law supported the patent? On the 16th May, 1797, the case was tried before the Judges Heath, Buller, Rooke, and Eyre, in the Court of Common Pleas. Heath and Buller, who were against the validity of the patent, rested their opinions on the statute, and dismissed from their minds all consideration of the merit of the invention, or of its value to the public. They held that Mr. Watt took out his patent for "*using, exercising, and vending his newly invented method of lessening the consumption of steam and fuel in Fire-engines,*

^{*} Mr. Watt's notes on Art. Steam Engines in Robison's *Mechanical Philosophy*, vol. ii. p. 150.

and that in his specification he described certain principles as his method of lessening that consumption." The mode of condensation, they said, was not specified, nor the ratio of the condenser to the cylinder. No drawing or model of the engine was lodged with the specification. The Act of Parliament, they maintained, was still more vague than the specification, stating merely that the patent was granted for making and vending certain engines, and granting for twenty-five years the privilege of constructing and vending the said engines. Hence they came to the conclusion that the Act gave Mr. Watt nothing, because it gave him only the right of making and vending the engines described in his patent, that patent having actually described no engine whatever. The Lord Chief Justice Eyre and Judge Rooke took the opposite view of the question. The sufficiency of the specification without drawings was proved by witnesses some of whom had actually constructed them, while there were certain blockheads who swore with perfect veracity that they could not do it! Professor Robison's testimony on this point had a peculiar interest. When he had the direction of the Imperial Academy of Marine at St. Petersburg, expensive windmills were used to draw the water out of the docks. Professor Robison proposed a steam engine, and in discussing the merits of Mr. Watt's with Æpinus, a distinguished member of the Academy of Sciences, and Mr. Model, apothecary to the court, and a first-rate chemist, he found that Mr. Model "thoroughly understood Boulton and Watt's method with much less information than is given in the specification."

The judges being equally divided, the question came to be heard as a case in error in the Court of King's Bench. It was accordingly argued in that court in 1798; but "as it involved," in Lord Kenyon's opinion some points of "great novelty, nicety, and importance to the law," the court ordered it to be argued again in 1799. The counsel for Hornblower and Maberly was Sergeant Le Blanc, and for Messrs. Boulton and Watt, Mr. Rous. The court gave an unanimous decision in favor of the pursuers, and heavy damages and costs were recovered from the defendants. The invention was thus declared to be the subject of a patent, and the right of the patentee, as prolonged by the Act of Parliament, a valid right.

Great as this victory was, when considered as the triumph of genius and of science over pirates who possessed neither, it was in reference to the future of very little importance. The prolonged patent terminated in 1800, two years only after the decision was given, and Mr. Watt's own patents were of such value as to ensure to his firm and their successors a pre-eminence over all the manufacturers of steam engines. Mr. Watt and Mr. Boul-

ton, the fathers of the modern steam engine, were far advanced in life, and cheerfully resigned the cares and fatigues of business to their sons, Messrs. James Watt, Matthew Robison Boulton, and Gregory Watt, all men of distinguished talents and capacity for business, by whom it was carried on for forty years with the aid of highly qualified assistants, among whom Mr. William Murdoch* of Old Cumnock in Ayrshire was most distinguished.

From this history of Mr. Watt's greatest inventions, and of the difficulties which he encountered in the protection of his property, we must now return to give some account of some of the other valuable contributions which he made to science and the arts. That Mr. Watt was the first discoverer of the composition of water we have shown at great length in a previous article, to which we must refer the reader.† Since that article was written, Lord Jeffrey has contributed to the *Edinburgh Review*‡ an able and elaborate essay in support of the same views, and Mr. Muirhead with some reason adduces the names of Davy, Henry, Arago, Brougham, Dumas, Berzelius, Jeffrey, Liebig, and Faraday, as deciding in favor of the priority of Watt over Cavendish; while on the other side he ranges those of Harcourt, Peacock, Whewell, and Wilson,

* Mr. Murdoch was the first person who applied the gas from coal to economical purposes, and he had also the merit of having made the first locomotive engine for drawing carriages on the construction in Mr. Watt's patent. In 1787 it was actually applied to drive a small waggon round a room at Rodruth in Cornwall where he then lived. In 1802, on the peace of Amiens, he lighted up with gas the front of the manufactory at Soho. He afterwards introduced it in 1808 into some cotton mills at Manchester. The writer of this article saw it in that year illuminating the drawing-room of Mr. Lee, a partner in the firm of Messrs. Phillips and Lee, in whose manufactory gas was first used. The Royal Society adjudged to Mr. Murdoch the Rumford medals for 1808, and on that occasion the writer of this article had the pleasure of dining with him at the Royal Society Club along with Cavendish, Herschel, Maskelyne, Dalrymple, and others. The rough hilarity of the engineer was strongly contrasted with the retiring modesty and aristocratic reserve of Cavendish, and in some passages of wit and banter, Murdoch triumphed over the great hydrographer, Captain Dalrymple, who produced from a large pocket of the great coat in which he sat at table, a loaf of bread and a bottle of wine, more choice, or more harmless, perhaps, than what the tavern afforded. Though Murdoch was not a partner of the Soho firm, he enjoyed a fixed salary of £1000 per annum from 1810 to 1830, when he retired. He died in November 1839, and his remains were deposited in Handsworth Church, close to those of Mr. Watt and Mr. Boulton. There is a fine portrait of Mr. Murdoch in the hall of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, of which he was a member.

† See this Journal for January 1847, vol. vi. p. 473.

‡ *Edinburgh Review*, January 1848, vol. lxxvii. p. 67.

names well known and highly esteemed, but not carrying with them the same weight in a chemical question as those of their opponents.

Mr. Watt's mechanical genius displayed itself in a variety of inventions. In the year 1765 he invented a machine for drawing in perspective.* About fifty or eighty of these instruments were made by Mr. Watt and sent to various parts of the world. A London optician of some celebrity, Mr. George Adams, sen., "copied and made them for sale, putting his own name upon them," as Mr. Watt himself testifies from having seen the piracy. None of the instruments are in the possession of Mr. Watt's friends, with the exception of one made with his own hands, and not very complete, which he presented to Sir David Brewster in 1813.

In the year 1770 or 1771, Mr. Watt invented and constructed two new and ingenious micrometers for measuring distances, which he found of great use in his survey of different canals in Scotland. One of them was a telescope with a pair of fixed parallel wires, the tenth of an inch distant. Having determined experimentally the number of chains to which the separation of the wires corresponded at a given distance, he obtained a scale by means of which, marked upon a rod twelve feet long carried by an assistant, he was able to measure distances "within less than a one-hundredth part of the whole distance, a degree of accuracy which could be increased by using a higher magnifying power or a better telescope." In this process there was nothing new, but in his other micrometer he varied the angular distance of the pair of fixed wires by making an object-glass move between the eye-glass and object-glass of the telescope. This contrivance would have enabled Mr. Watt to dispense with his assistant when the distances were considerable; but he made only a rough model of the instrument, and never completed it. In 1813 a patent was taken out by Sir David Brewster for various telescopic micrometers for measuring distances, among which was the method of varying the angle subtended by two wires by the motion of a second object-glass; but as Mr. Watt never published any description of his invention, the patent right for the exclusive use of this method was not affected by it. The idea, however, had been long before described by M. de la Hire, who did not know that it had been previously published by Roemer. In Sir David Brewster's patent he described a better form of the instrument, in which the two images were separated by the motion of a divided object-glass; and the angular distances engraven on the tube. He specified also micrometrical telescopes, without any ad-

ditional lens, one of them by separating the two parts of the achromatic eye-piece, a method which has been brought forward since the date of his patent by Dr. Kitchener and a professor at Moscow, under the name of the Pancratic eye-piece,—the other, which is applicable to Gregorian and Cassegrainian telescopes, and in which the angular distance of a pair of wires is changed simply by a motion of the eye-piece, the adjustment to distinct vision being effected by the motion of the small mirror. Mr. Watt invented also a prismatic micrometer, and an ingenious machine for drying linen by steam, of which he had never published any account.* In the year 1816, however, he gave descriptions and drawings of all these inventions to Sir David Brewster to be published in any way he thought proper, and they have accordingly appeared in different works.

In the year 1780 Mr. Watt took out a patent for a new press for copying letters. Mr. Boulton and Mr. Keir were his partners, the former paying for the patent, and the latter taking charge of the concern. In this invention the ink is forced through thin paper so as to appear on the other side. The color is improved by wetting the paper with an astringent which is deprived of its color, and the operation is so conducted as not to injure the original letter. Mr. Watt invented also an ingenious flexible water-pipe, suggested by the formation of a lobster's tail, for conducting water across the Clyde to Glasgow; a method of constructing lighthouses of iron, which he described to the writer of this article, and a new method of heating apartments by pipes containing steam, which he himself actually used.

Had Mr. Watt enjoyed the degree of health which is necessary to the continuous exercise of the inventive faculties, society and the arts would have owed him still more than they do. He contrived an arithmetical machine which could perform the processes of multiplication and division; but he could not find time to complete it, leaving to Mr. Babbage the undivided merit of having invented and constructed his difference engine for computing tables for various purposes, and of having invented an analytical engine capable of performing operations of the most wonderful kind.† He devoted himself, however, more particularly to the construction of a machine for copying and reducing all kinds of sculpture and statuary. The idea of this machine was suggested to him by a turning lathe (*tour à médailles*) which he had seen in Paris in 1802 for copying medals and other things in bas relief. In 1808 he seems to have made considerable progress

* This instrument is described with drawings in Mr. Muirhead's memoir, vol. i. p. cxi.

* See the Edinburgh Encyclopædia, vol. xviii. p. 334.

† See this Journal, vol. xv. p. 553.

in the construction of this machine, for which professor Young of Glasgow could find no more euphonious name than that of the *Glyptic Machine*. In May 1809, he tells the Professor that he has now made the *Glyptic Machine Polyglptic*; and he had soon after this finished a large head of Locke in yellow wood, and a small head of Adam Smith in ivory.—He afterwards succeeded in executing busts in alabaster and marble, and had brought the machinery to such a degree of perfection that he had in 1818 prepared drawings and descriptions of its different parts, with the view of applying for a patent. Mr. Muirhead has given us a very interesting chapter on the subject of this sculpture machine, but he has not mentioned the reason why Mr. Watt did not proceed to secure his right to it by patent.—We had an opportunity when at Heathfield in 1818, of seeing some specimens of the work which Mr. Watt had executed with it, and he then told us that a neighbor of his who could have had no knowledge of his invention, had made considerable progress in the construction of a similar machine. This gentleman offered to take out a joint patent with Mr. Watt; but he had suffered so much from former patents, that he was unwilling at his advanced age to embark in any new concern.—The public have thus been deprived of the luxury of possessing at a cheap rate accurate copies of the finest productions of the sculptor.

We have already seen that Mr. Watt and his distinguished friends not only saw in the distance the steam-ships and the railways of the present day, but paved the way for their introduction by actual inventions. He invented the screw propeller. In September 1786 he had a steam carriage "of some size under hand;" and, as we have stated, Mr. Murdoch constructed a working model which performed the circuit of one of his rooms. Mr. Edgeworth, one of the most ingenious men of his day, tells Mr. Watt in 1813, that "*he always thought that steam would become the universal lord, and that we should in time scorn post-horses. An iron railway would be a cheaper thing than a road on the common construction.*"

Having now followed Mr. Watt as a successful inventor, a distinguished philosopher, and a benefactor to his country, we must retrace our steps and study his history as exhibited in the domestic and social circle, amid the cares, the vicissitudes and the trials of our common nature.

In the summer of 1764, when Mr. Watt had invented his separate condenser, and saw in the remote distance some prospect of being able to support a family, he married his cousin, Miss Miller, by whom he had four children, a son and three daughters. One daughter, who married a Mr. Miller of Glasgow, died early, leaving a son and two daughters, who

are now all dead. Mr. Watt's only son by this marriage, the late Mr. James Watt of Aston Hall, died unmarried in 1848. When Mr. Watt was engaged in the survey of the Caledonian Canal, he was recalled by the intelligence of the dangerous illness of his wife; and he had the misfortune of finding, on his return to Glasgow, that she had died after giving birth to a still-born child. Mr. Watt was inconsolable at the loss of a companion whose buoyant spirits often cheered and sustained him in his desponding moments. "Never despair," she wrote to him; "if the steam engine will not do, something else will." When his arrangements with Mr. Boulton called him to England, the engrossing pursuits in which he was engaged prevented him from attending to the interests of his family, and he therefore contracted a second marriage with Miss Macgregor of Glasgow, who, with the instructions of his son-in-law, first practised Berthollet's celebrated process of employing oxymuriatic acid in bleaching. The issue of this marriage was a son, Gregory, and a daughter, both of whom died at an early age. Mrs. Watt survived her husband, and died at a very advanced age in 1832. Although Gregory Watt was a partner in the new firm established in 1800, he took little share in the management of the concern, and devoted himself to literary and scientific pursuits, in which he promised to distinguish himself. Chemistry and geology were two of his favorite studies, and in the midst of these he was carried off, we believe, by a pulmonary affection, on the 16th October 1804, in the twenty-seventh year of his age.* Mr. Watt felt this calamity very deeply. "We have lost a son," he said, in writing to a relative, "who would have done honor to any family in any country." One stimulus to exertion is taken away, and I have lost my relish for my usual avocations."

Mr. James Watt, his only surviving child, who conducted with Mr. Boulton the affairs of the Soho Works till his death in 1848, was a man of vigorous intellect and independent character. In 1792 or 1793, when he was a very young man, he paid a visit to Paris, and was smitten with that enthusiasm for liberty which had misled so many men of grave habits and more advanced age. Mr. Wordsworth the poet arrived in Paris soon after Mr. Watt, and in company with another Englishman of the name of Thomas Cooper, they were in the habit of associating with many of the men who attained to an unenviable pre-eminence in revolutionary crime. Danton and Robespierre having quarrelled previous to the 10th of August, at one of the political clubs, resolved to

* Mr. Muirhead makes an apology for his brief notice of Gregory Watt, by holding out the hope which we trust he will realize, of publishing an account of his Life, with his Literary Remains.

settle their differences by a duel. Mr. Watt went out as second to one of the combatants, and succeeded in reconciling them, "by representing how injurious it would be to the cause of liberty if either of them should fall."*

Mr. Watt and his friend Cooper exhibited their political zeal on another occasion, and in a still more disagreeable manner. In a speech delivered in the House of Commons on the 4th of March 1792, Burke, when speaking on Mr. Sheridan's motion on the existence of seditious practices in England, accused the two Englishmen of having presented an address to the Assembly, and of having carried the British colors in a revolutionary procession. A band of soldiers, who had been tried and condemned to the gallies by a court-marshal, were released in contempt of the Assembly then sitting, brought to Paris, and paraded in triumph through the hall. "On this detestable occasion," says Burke, "Mr. Cooper and Mr. Watt carried the British colors. They received the fraternizing kiss. They went from the hall of the Assembly to the hall of the Jacobins, where they kissed the bloody cheek of Marat; the iron cheek of Pluto instead of Proserpine."†

The atrocities which were soon afterwards perpetrated in the name of liberty cured our young enthusiasts of their revolutionary zeal, and led them to assuage, as far as they could, the violence of contending factions. Robespierre, who had seen this change in their conduct, insinuated in one of his speeches, at the Jacobin Club, that Watt and Cooper were emissaries of Mr. Pitt. "Mr. Watt, with the same fearlessness with which he had previously supported a cause which he imagined to be just, took an instant opportunity of confronting that monster in his own arena—he indignantly sprang on the tribune, from which, by main force, he ejected the truculent orator, and, in a brief but impassioned harangue, and delivered in French, which he spoke with perfect fluency and an excellent accent, completely silenced his formidable antagonist, carrying with him the feelings of the rest of the audience, who expressed their sense of his honest British spirit in a loud burst of applause."‡ Such disrespect to one of the heroes of the Revolution was not likely to pass unpunished. Mr. Watt soon learned that his life was in immediate danger, and leaving Paris without a passport, he had some difficulty in making his way southward into Italy.

After considerable progress had been made in steam navigation both in America by Mr.

Fulton,* and in Scotland by Henry Bell on the Clyde, Mr. James Watt took a great interest in its extension. In 1814 he purchased the *Caledonia*, a vessel of 100 tons, with an engine of 32 horses power, and having replaced her defective machinery by two new engines of 14 horses power each, he went over in her to Holland, and ascended the Rhine as far as Coblenz. The *Caledonia* left Margate on the 14th October 1817, crossing the Channel at the rate of 7 1-2 knots. In her voyage to Cologne from Rotterdam she occupied only 48h. 52m., clearing her way against the impetuous waters of the Rhine,—now the wonder—and now the horror of the natives. After Mr. James Watt's return in 1818 he made 250 experiments with the *Caledonia* on the Thames, which enabled him to adopt many material improvements in the construction of marine engines, of which, up to 1854, no fewer than 319 of 17,438 nominal and 52,314 real horse power were manufactured at Soho.

The memory of JAMES WATT, says Mr. Muirhead, will be worthily perpetuated in the British navy by the fine screw steamer man-of-war of that name, of 90 guns, which was launched at Pembroke Dock Yard in 1853, and fitted with Soho engines (of 700 horse power.) And as we write we are informed that engines are now preparing, at the same great manufactory, for a vessel which is to be 700 feet in length, of the enormous capacity of 22,000 tons, and to be propelled by no less a power than that of from 2000 to 3000 horses.†

Although Mr. Watt's life seems to have been one of toil and disappointment, and darkened by more than the usual allotment of domestic sorrow, many spots of azure were seen among its most lowering clouds, and even bursts of sunshine broke forth to guide and to cheer him. To have been associated with such friends as those with whom he had daily intercourse—with men of noble and generous natures, and philosophers and scholars of lofty attainments, was in itself a gift from above sufficient to compensate for many evils. Nor was it at Birmingham only where his genius was appreciated. He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh in 1784, and of the Royal Society of London in 1785. In consequence of his discovery of the composition of water, and the publication of his paper on that subject in the "Philosophical Transactions," he became acquainted with the leading members of the Royal Society, and enjoy-

* Mr. Fulton ordered his first engine from Soho on the 6th August 1803. It was one of 19 horses power, and was finished in 1805. Mr. Fulton undertaking the paddle machinery, and the subordinate parts.

† This, we presume, is the gigantic iron steamer now erecting at Millwall on the Thames, by Messrs. Scott Russel and Company.

* See *Life of Southey*, vol. vi. p. 209. This fact was mentioned to Southey by Mr. James Watt himself.

† *Speeches of Edmund Burke*, vol. iv. p. 124, edit. 1846, as cited by Mr. Muirhead.

‡ Vol. I. p. cclxii.

ed the festive meetings, at which its members forget for a while that they are philosophers. In August 1785 Mr. Cavendish visited Birmingham and Soho, and while inspecting the engine establishment he had an opportunity of conversing with Mr. Watt himself. Mr. Watt went to London some months after this, and gives the following account of his reception:—

When I was in London I was received very kindly by Mr. Cavendish and Dr. Blagden, and my old friend Smeaton, who has now recovered his health and seems hearty. I dined at a turtle feast with them and the select club of the Royal Society; and never saw turtle eaten with greater sobriety and temperance or more good fellowship. I dined also at Mr. Cavendish's, who lives very elegantly, and gave us a good English dinner. Among other company we had the famous Peter Camper the anatomist, once Professor at Franeker, a fresh gigantic man of sixty-four, that never had sickness in his life except once. He is to come here before leaving England.*

In the metropolis of France, so illustrious as it has ever been by its band of philosophers and savans, Mr. Watt was received with equal distinction. In 1786, on the invitation of the French government, he accompanied Mr. Boulton to Paris in order to decide upon the proposals which were made to them for erecting steam engines under an exclusive privilege, and on the best way of renewing the gigantic lumbering machine at Marly, which, as has been jocularly remarked, *had made so much noise in the world*. In sending this invitation to Mr. Boulton, Mr. Watt proposed "that they should first wait upon Mr. Pitt and let him know their errand thither, that the tongue of slander may be silenced, and all undue suspicion removed, and ourselves rendered more valuable in his eyes because others desire to have us." It does not appear that Mr. Pitt was consulted on this occasion, but Mr. Watt writes to his son that they had a most flattering reception from the French Ministry who were willing to employ them, but that they had absolutely refused to engage in any manufactures as contrary to the interests of their country. They had agreed, however, to give a general opinion on the machine at Marly after the Academy of Sciences had decided on the 400 proposals which had been laid before them on the subject. During their visit to Paris, the expenses of which were liberally paid by the government, they made the acquaintance of Lavoisier, Laplace, Monge, Berthollet, Prony, Fourcroy, Hassenfratz, Delessert, and others, and with several of these individuals Mr. Watt long maintained a friendly correspondence. It was on this oc-

† Camper paid this visit on the third November 1786, and was described by Mr. Watt, as "a fine old fellow." Notwithstanding his gigantic frame and constant health, he died four years afterwards, while Mr. Watt, with his sickly constitution, survived him thirty years.

casian that Berthollet exhibited to the English engineers and others his beautiful process of bleaching with the oxymuriatic acid, and one which, if protected by patent, would have made the fortune of its discoverer. When Messrs. Watt and Boulton returned to England they mentioned to Mr. Pitt, then First Minister of the Crown, the great value of Berthollet's invention, in order to obtain for him either a Parliamentary reward or an exclusive privilege in Great Britain. The arts of peace, however, had no value in Mr. Pitt's eyes, and M. Berthollet was obliged to abandon the idea of making his discovery of any value to him in this country. In the hands of Mr. Macgregor, Mr. Watt's father-in-law, and of Messrs. Henry & Co. in Manchester, the process was most successful. One bleacher in Manchester bleached at the rate of 1000 pieces of muslin (of thirty yards each) every day, and the goods were only three days in hand till they were completely finished.

In 1787 Mr. Watt had the honor of explaining his steam-engine to the King and Queen, at Mr. Whitbread's brewery, which at that time paid annually for excise duties the sum of £54,000. He was much pleased with the affability of the Royal pair, who, many years afterwards, had made arrangements for visiting his establishment at Soho. Notwithstanding the King's blindness, he persisted in his intention, lest the Queen and Princesses should be disappointed; but his medical advisers prevailed upon him to give it up. Mr. Muirhead informs us that "the great engineer's intercourse with crowned heads did not terminate here; for in 1814 we find him in company with the Emperor of Russia and his sister, at Messrs. Huddart and Co.'s celebrated rope-work, and found them, as he expresses it, 'very pleasant, affable people.'"

Among the events of Mr. Watt's life there is one which has almost entered the region of poetry, by having been told, though not very correctly, in the life of Sir Walter Scott. The following is Mr. Watt's own account of it:—

You will have heard, says he, in a letter to Muirhead, of our exploit with the robbers. We had been informed of their intention by the watchman, whom they had endeavored to corrupt, and watched for them three nights, on which they only tried keys and examined the premises, which by our wise law is no felony; and had we apprehended them they would soon have been let loose upon the public, and we could not have rested in safety. We were therefore obliged to let them commit the robbery, and on their coming out fell upon them by guns, pistols, bayonets and cutlasses. Some of them resisted and were badly wounded; others fled; one was caught on the top of a house; one fell from a house-eaves fifteen feet high; another got clean over and off, with, as it is said, a broken arm,

and some shots in him. We took four out of the five; but the little devil made his escape. Our young men were commanders-in-chief, and laid their plans very well; but one of our guards came not soon enough to their station by which the escape took place, though by a way deemed impracticable.

In the spring of 1803, Mr. Watt paid another visit to Paris, where he remained five weeks, having been kindly received by his old friends La Place, Berthollet, and Monge, who had become senators. Mr. Watt's acquirements then became well known to the members of the Institute, and in 1808 he was elected a corresponding member of that body. This honor was highly valued by Mr. Watt, whose claims to this species of distinction, though he was now in the seventy-third year of his age, had not been recognized by any of the other leading academies in Europe. The French academicians had become personally acquainted with the great learning and ingenuity of their friend, and when a vacancy took place in 1814, he was elected one of the Eight Foreign Associates of the Institute, the highest honor which that distinguished body can confer.

Having received so much kindness in his early life from the University of Glasgow, Mr. Watt was desirous of leaving to that body some memorial of his gratitude. In order to promote the study of Natural Philosophy and Chemistry, he gave £300 to the College, the annual interest of which, amounting to £10, was to be given as a prize for the best essay on any subject in Mechanics, Pneumatics, Hydraulics, and Hydrostatics, or Chemistry. At a later date, in the year 1816, he gave a donation to the town of Greenock to purchase scientific books for the use of the mathematical school of the place, and thus lay the foundation of a scientific library. The inhabitants of Greenock seconded his wishes, and by the munificence of his son Mr. James Watt, a large and handsome building has been erected for the library, and adorned with a marble statue of its distinguished founder, presented by his townsmen.

With the exception of his paper on the Composition of Water, published in the Philosophical Transactions, Mr. Watt was not the author of any separate and independent work. In the year 1813, when Sir David Brewster had been requested to superintend the publication of Professor Robison's Mechanical Philosophy, he was fortunate enough to induce Mr. Watt to revise the Treatise on Steam and the Steam-Engine, which the Professor had drawn up for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Mr. Watt, who undertook the task with some reluctance, began it in December 1813, and in announcing its completion in the following June, he says in a letter to the

Editor, "It has been a heavy job to me; and had I been aware how much so it would have proved, I doubt whether I should have undertaken it." The treatise, however, was not actually completed till the year 1817, from causes over which neither Mr. Watt nor the Editor had any control.* Although the great improvements which had been made upon the steam-engine since Dr. Robison's article was written, made it desirable that considerable additions should be made to it, yet Mr. Watt undertook only the revision of the article, intending merely to correct errors, and supply some of the more prominent defects. He was led, however, by the delay which we have mentioned, to compose those important additions on the history, the principles, and the construction of the steam engine, which render the treatise a valuable contribution to science.

Before Mr. Watt had completed this his last and greatest literary work, he was seized with erysipelas in his legs and arms, but he soon recovered his usual health, and in the years 1817 and 1818, in the first of which he visited Scotland, he enjoyed a degree of health both of mind and body, which could scarcely have been expected at an age so advanced, and with a constitution so feeble. A change, however, became perceptible at the commencement of 1819, and in the early part of the summer, symptoms appeared which alarmed his family and his medical attendants. Mr. Watt himself felt that this was to be his last illness, and he met it with devout resignation. "In contemplation," says Mr. Muirhead, "of this solemn event, he calmly conversed on that and other subjects with those around him, and expressed his gratitude to the Giver of all good, who had so signally prospered the work of his hands, and blessed him with length of days and riches and honor. With such feelings he expired tranquilly at Heathfield, on the 19th of August 1819, in the 84th year of his age. His remains were deposited in the parish church of Handsworth, near those of Mr. Boulton; and over his tomb his only surviving and affectionate son erected an elegant Gothic chapel, in the centre of which is placed a beautiful marble bust of him from the chisel of Sir Francis Chantrey. A colossal statue of bronze by the same artist, resting on a pedestal of granite, has been

* "In order to render this work as much as possible a system of Mechanical Philosophy, I was anxious that it should contain a complete Treatise on Astronomy. The short articles on astronomy, etc., which Dr. Robison had written for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, were unfit to supply this desideratum. I found it necessary, therefore, to delay the work till 1820, when the copyright of his System of Astronomy had expired."—*Preface of the Editor.*

erected in Glasgow, and a marble bust in one of the halls of the College.

In the year 1824, it was proposed to Government to obtain from Parliament a grant of money, for the erection of a national monument to Mr. Watt. There was no precedent, it was alleged, for such a grant, and Government might be embarrassed by similar claims. Mr. Watt's inventions had no precedent,—and a similar claim, which has not emerged since his day, would have been a boon to the world. Private liberality, however, supplied what the nation had refused, and a colossal statue of Carrara marble by Chantrey, now adorns the recesses of Westminster Abbey.

Although Arago's Historical Eloge of Mr. Watt, with the Notes of Mr. Muirhead, contained very copious details respecting his life and inventions, yet we have been enabled in the preceding Article, to combine with these much new and highly interesting information from the correspondence which fills more than one volume of the work. In consequence of Mr. Watt having invented a copying-press, he kept copies of all his letters, which Mr. Muirhead has substantially given to the public. Were we disposed to make any criticism on this part of the work, we would express a regret, which we have repeatedly felt in its perusal, that passages have been omitted, probably of a domestic kind, which we should have wished to have seen. As a relative of the family, Mr. Muirhead was more likely than any other editor to withhold these expressions of personal feeling, and those warm and affectionate sentiments associated with home, which mingle more or less with every correspondence; but still we would express the desire, that in another edition some of these blanks may be supplied. We are not acquainted with any correspondence so truly remarkable as this. In the ordinary diaries of great men, and even in those where the posthumous volume is made a confessional, without the inquisition of a priest, the narrator addresses himself directly to posterity: We

learn only what he wishes to teach, and see him only as he wishes to be seen—in all cases as a saint; in some as a profligate. But in perusing Mr. Watt's correspondence, we read his character,—we witness the deepest issues of his heart;—we follow him through all the phases of his daily life;—we grieve with him in his afflictions and disappointments; we trace the rise and progress of his inventions,—and we denounce, in utterances not heard by human ears, the heartlessness of public men, who, to use the fine expression of Lord Halifax, in reference to his patronage of Newton, refused to supply the oil for a lamp that gave so much light. If there ever was a time in the history of England when such utterances, hitherto breathed in private, are likely to become loud and articulate, and when the sentiment of Halifax so long and so timidly suppressed, is likely to stir the English mind, it is in the present day, and at the present hour. England now stands at the bar of civilization, impeached by her own citizens for neglect of duties, or their perfunctory discharge, which render empires prosperous in peace, or glorious in war. National disaster in war is the offspring of national parsimony in peace; and what Dr. Hutton told Mr. Watt in 1776, is now an article of general belief, deserving the attention of statesmen and legislators, "that Invention is too great a work to be well paid for in a state like ours, where the *general system is to be best paid for what it easiest done.*" When a nation has sunk so low, that the Solomons of the present day can "see under the sun that there is neither bread to the wise, nor riches to men of understanding, nor favor to men of skill," it is more than time that "wisdom should cry out, and utter her voice in her chief places of concourse;" that she should "find out the knowledge of worthy inventions," and demand from the representatives of power, that "the remembrance of the wise shall be more than that of the fool for ever."

MARRIAGE CAVALCADE OF THE INFANTA MARIA TERESA. On the 15th of April, Philip IV. having made his will, and commended himself to our Lady of Atocha, set out from the capital, accompanied by the Infanta, and followed by 3,500 mules, 82 horses, 70 coaches, and 70 baggage wagons. The baggage of the royal bride alone would have served for a small army. Her dresses were packed in twelve large trunks, covered with crimson velvet, and mounted with silver; twenty morocco trunks contained her linen; and fifty mules were laden with her toilet plate and per-

fumes. Besides these personal equipments, she carried a vast provision of presents; amongst which were two chests filled with purses, amber-gloves, and whisker-cases for her future brother-in-law, the Duke of Orleans. The grantees of the household vied with each other in the size and splendor of their retinues. The cavalcade extended six leagues in length, and the trumpets of the van were sounding at the gate of Alcalá de Henares, the first day's halting-place, ere the last files had issued from the gate of Madrid.—*Stirling's Velasquez.*

From Household Words.

A LEVIATHAN INDEED.

WE are in the habit of making occasional marine excursions to Woolwich, by Waterman Number One to Six inclusive. Sometimes, on a bright sunny day we extend our aquatic trips as far as the Erith or Gravesend, where, doubtless, many of our readers accompany us. Like us, they will not fail to have noticed an indifferent-looking, half-occupied space of land jutting into the river opposite Greenwich, known as the Isle of Dogs, but having no sort of connection with Barking Creek.

Scattered over this island, at irregular distances, are factories, shipyards, store-houses, and timber-sheds, all unmistakable enough in character. There is one object, however, which has perplexed us not a little—a huge metallic erection, on which may be seen employed any day in the working week, hundreds of busy craftsmen, clustering, and humming, and buzzing about it like flies around a sugar hogshead.

It has puzzled a good many aquatic travellers besides the writer. We have heard scores of guesses made by wondering passengers on board Waterman Number Two, perfectly at variance with the opinions of those on board Waterman Number Four. Some have not the slightest doubt as to its being a new sort of gasometer for supplying London with pure gas. Others believe it to be a pile of fire-proof warehouses, on the Milner Safe principle, for the better custody of the national state papers and crown jewels.—By some, it is said to be an enormous oven for baking bread and roasting coffee for our troops in the Crimea. One or two have heard on good authority that it is intended for Wombwell's menagerie, to be moved on a hundred wheels. Others, again, have the firmest belief in its being an iron incarnation of Lord Dundonald's mysterious plan for destroying Cronstadt and Sebastopol.

Now, it happens that none of these opinions are correct. Not one of the many guessers have ever dreamed of this object being the mid portion of a ship, which we have since learnt is really the case. A ship! Talk of the Great Harry or the Great Britain, or any other great craft of the middle age or modern period! They shrink into utter insignificance by the side of our metal monster of the Isle of Dogs.

The wooden walls of old England are fast becoming myths of a by-gone age, embalmed in the ballad-poetry of Dibdin. They have given place to the iron-sides of young Britain. Canvas has yielded the palm to steam; and paddle-wheels in their turn are shaking their bearings in auxiliary fear of screws.

It is not so many years ago, but we remember it, that when a steamer of three thousand tons was first placed on the North American line, one of our then greatest scientific authorities predicted certain failure: it was hinted in a friendly way to passengers proceeding by her to the United States, that they had better ensure their lives and make their wills before leaving the country. The ship was said to be too long for a heavy sea: she would break her back from the excessive weight of machinery in her centre, and would in-

evitably encounter a variety of other unpleasant contingencies. But, people remembered that similar failure was predicted thirty years before that time, when the first steamers plied between London and Calais. The General Steam Navigation Company nevertheless prospered, and so likewise have the American lines prospered; for one of which there are at the present moment iron steamers building on the Clyde larger than any yet afloat.

The huge fabric erecting at the Isle of Dogs, as yet bears no resemblance to any known kind of craft. At a distance the eye is unable to detect any particular proportions about it, and if we were to be pressed on the point, we should say that it had no shape at all. A closer inspection, however, shows a line of uprights at each end, which mark the shelving proportions of stem and stern, and then one can perceive that the object before us is really intended for a ship.

Standing on the banks of the river Thames, with a vast open space on one side and Greenwich Hospital on the other, it is not easy to form a just conception of this marine monster, which, for want of a better name, we call the Leviathan. It is being built by Scott Russell and Company, from designs by Mr. Brunel, the engineer whose conception the entire fabric is. When we remind our readers that the Royal Albert line-of-battle ship, of one hundred and twenty guns, is something under four thousand tons, and about two hundred and twenty feet in length; and that the Simla and Himalaya at present the largest steamers afloat, are only three hundred and twenty feet in length, or thereabouts; they may form some idea of the proportions of this Eastern Steam Navigation Company's ship, when they are told that it will be six hundred and eighty feet in length and of twenty-five thousand tons burthen; in other words, of more than six times the capacity of our largest men-of-war, and above double the length of the largest steamship afloat.

Our readers will have frequently heard discussions as to the relative merits of paddles and screws. In the Leviathan, the screw will be combined with the paddle, worked by engines nominally of two thousand six hundred horse-power, but in reality capable of being worked up to ten thousand horse-power.

To guard against accidents at sea to machinery, and to prevent any detention from such a cause, the paddle-wheels will not only be perfectly distinct from each other in their working, but each will be set in motion by several sets of machinery of superabundant power, so that at all times derangements or cleaning of one or two cylinders or boilers will not interfere with the progress of the ship.

Steam will be the sole propelling power, no canvas being contemplated in this vessel. In fixing the great size of the Leviathan, its projector believes that he has obtained the elements of a speed hitherto unknown in ocean-going steamers. It is confidently predicted that by the great length of the Leviathan she will be enabled to pass through the water at an average speed in all weathers of fifteen knots an hour, with a smaller power in proportion to tonnage than ordinary vessels now require to make ten knots. The con-

tract speed of most ocean mail-carrying steamers is eight knots.

We believe that the Eastern Steam Navigation Company intend making their first voyage to Australia. The actual distance from Milford Haven, the company's starting-point, to Port Philip, is less than twelve thousand miles, if no ports be touched at. A speed of fifteen knots or miles an hour averaged from land to land would take the Leviathan to the golden colony in about thirty-two days. This can only be accomplished, even at that high speed, by avoiding all stoppages for coals, which, besides detaining a ship many days in the different ports, carries her a great distance out of the direct steaming course. Here we find another novelty brought to bear by Mr. Brunel. A ship of this huge capacity can carry twelve thousand tons of coals: quite sufficient, it is stated, for her consumption on the outward and homeward voyages. Space will still be left for five thousand tons of cargo, the massive machinery, and four thousand passengers with their luggage and all necessary stores for use.

The advantage of this arrangement is twofold. Besides the avoidance of stoppages for coalings on the voyage, the ship earns all the freight which must otherwise have been paid to sailing vessels for the conveyance of the fuel to the coal-ing depots, which, on three-fourths of the quantity consumed on one voyage would amount to a sum sufficient to build and equip a steamer of two or three hundred tons. In order to compensate for the great loss of weight caused by all this enormous consumption of fuel, and to maintain an equal immersion of the paddles, the coal will, to a certain extent, be replaced by water pumped into the water-tight compartments forming the skin of the ship, and of which we shall presently have occasion to speak. In addition to this arrangement the paddles have been so adjusted on the wheels as to be as efficient at one draught of water as at another.

It is impossible to judge of the future finish or accommodation of such a gigantic ship as the Leviathan from the present state of the iron hull. Immense divisions of metal plates, reaching to an incredible height, with sub-compartments at right angles appear to divide the monster fabric into a number of square and oblong spaces, each of which would contain an eight-roomed house of Camden Town build, or a semi-detached villa from Stockwell, at forty-pounds per annum.

We inspected a model of the ship in wood, and could scarcely believe that the unsightly mass of iron-plates, rivets, and joints, just beheld, could by any possible ingenuity be wrought into anything so beautifully symmetrical as the long, arrow-like little craft before us, tapering off forward as sharply as a woodman's hatchet or a Thames wherry. From that model we were enabled to understand where the engines, coals, stores, and cargo would be placed, and moreover, where the two thousand first-class passengers would be berthed, in their five hundred state cabins, and where the two thousand second-class and steerage passengers would be placed, without nearly as much crowding as in an ordinary passenger or emigrant ship.

Large indeed must that steamer be which can provide a main-deck saloon sixty feet in length, and forty in width, and fifteen in height: with a second-class saloon only twenty feet shorter, and a foot or two less in height. The Leviathan has these and they appear but as small compartments of the huge interior.

It would prove a fortunate circumstance for our military authorities, who are so much in want of steam transports to the seat of war, if this monster ship were ready for sea at the present moment. There are just now two divisions of the French army, of ten thousand men each, ready to be conveyed to the scenes of their future operations. The Leviathan, with just sufficient fuel for so short a voyage, could take on board one of those divisions entire, with horses, fodder, artillery, and ammunition; it could land those ten thousand men, with proper arrangements, in the Crimea; could return and carry the second of those small armies; and could arrive back at Marseilles for the second time within one month from her first starting.

It has been deemed an achievement worthy of mention, to convey an entire regiment of light cavalry from Bombay to the Crimea, by way of the Red Sea and Egypt, in about two months. If the calculations as to speed of the Leviathan be correct—which more learned heads than ours declare them to be—then the iron ship could have conveyed at least half a dozen regiments of cavalry from Bombay to Balaklava, by way of the Cape of Good Hope and the Straits of Gibraltar, in two-thirds of the time, and at not much greater cost than was required for the one regiment conveyed through Egypt.

Had the old system of ship-building still prevailed with regard to sea-going steamers—had our shipwrights worked on the wooden-wall principle instead of the plate-and-rivet method, we should never have possessed such noble steamships as are owned by our large commercial companies. Certain it is that the Leviathan could not have been built, on the wooden system. The mightiest giants of Indian forests, of fabulous age, in countless numbers, would not have sufficed to produce a ship of half her size. Strength enough could not have been obtained with the most ponderous masses of timber-work, braced as they might have been with iron and copper, to have floated so mighty a load of cargo, machinery and living beings. Yet the monster of which we are now writing, so new in its various appliances of power, so wonderful in its unheard-of capacity, is composed of plates of iron, less than one inch in thickness.

The secret of the great strength attained by this comparatively small amount of metal is in the peculiar structure of the hull. It is built throughout, in distinct compartments, on the principle of the Britannia Tubular Bridge, and when finished will be in fact a huge tubular ship. The principles of that structure need not here be dwelt upon. It will suffice to explain that the whole of this vessel will be divided into ten huge, water-tight compartments, by means of iron-plate bulkheads carried up to the upper deck, thereby extending far above the water-line. In addition to this great safeguard against accident, the whole length of the ship, except where she tapers

off at either end, is protected by a double skin of metal plating, the outer one being distant three feet from the interior. These double tubular sides are carried to far above the deepest water-mark, and inasmuch as the transverse bulkheads extend to the outer of these skins, they are divided into many water-tight subdivisions, any one or two of which, though torn or fractured, and filled with water, would not affect the buoyancy or safety of the ship.

Besides the great transverse divisions before alluded to, there are two enormously strong longitudinal bulkheads of iron running from stem to stern, each forty feet from the inner skin, and carried to the upper deck: adding greatly to the solidity and safety of the vessel. The main compartments thus formed by the bulkheads, have a means of communication by iron sliding doors near the top, easily and effectually closed in time of need. In this way, not only are all the most exposed portions of the ship double-skinned, but the body is cut up into a great number of very large but perfectly distinct fire- and water-proof compartments, forming, indeed, so many colossal iron safes. If we can imagine a rock to penetrate the double skin, and make its sharp way into any one of these compartments, it might fill with water without any detriment to the rest of the ship.

One of the most terrible calamities that can

befal a vessel at sea is undoubtedly a fire. The iron water-tight bulkheads would seem to defy that destructive element sufficiently; but in order to make assurance doubly sure, the builders are experimenting with a view to employing only prepared unflammable wood for the interior fittings.

Such is the *Leviathan*. She is to be launched unlike any other ship, broadside onto the water by means of hydraulic power, and early in next spring, is expected to make a trial trip to the United States and back in less than a fortnight. In contemplating this Brobdignag vessel, our small acquaintance with things nautical, dwarfs down to Lilliputian insignificance. Before reaching the Isle of Dogs, we had imagined that we possessed some acquaintance with ship-building and marine engineering. One of the *Leviathan* cylinders was sufficient to extinguish our pretensions.

With a Brunel for designer; with a Stevenson for approver; a Scott Russell for builder; with Professor Airey in charge of the compasses, and Sir W. S. Harris looking after the lightning conductors; the *Leviathan* may well be expected to turn out the floating marvel of the age. Fancy the astonishment of the South Sea islanders when they behold her, rushing past their coral homes?

Julia — A Poem. By Wesley Brook, author of "Eastford," etc. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

This is a poem in four cantos, in the *Spenserian stanza*, but the free, so called "Don Juan" rhyme. It is the story of a young Boston belle, the course of whose true love did not run smooth; and so they took her, to cheer her, to Nahant and Newport, which gives the author an opportunity to dwell on the beauties and follies of those fashionable places of resort. — We quote the following verses, referring to Nahant, as a not unfair specimen of the Poem: —

NAHANT —

Famous in Indian legendary story,

The dark old solemn headlands' cliffs, whose frown

Glooms o'er the wave; on what a scene of glory,
Spread out beneath, those iron crags look down!
Glorious of old — even now it is so, only

What they call fashion makes it rather lonely.

XXI.

But stern in primal grandeur, when it threw

Its broad bare shoulder to the mad waves' lash,
And the red savage, poised in light canoe,

Lit the sea-sparkles to his paddles' flash, —

Or, but wild sea-bird whistled as he flew,

To the wild sea wind, and the billowy dash.

Good were it there, midst wrecks primeval strown,
To look on Nature's sacred face alone!

And from those wave-washed cliffs away, away —

Gazed *Julia* ever on the dark blue sea,

A sad mute gaze; even the silvery spray

Leaped to her foot, unmarked its frolic glee;

Far off, slept ocean; white sails, day by day,

Before her vision flitted dreamily;

Azure, through golden haze, the atmosphere —

But her heart only said, "He is not here!"

Daily Advertiser.

STATE OF THE BIRMINGHAM "IDOL" TRADE.

Having learned from the *Record* that a very brisk manufacture of Hindoo idols was carried on by a most respectable and orthodox house at Birmingham, we have, though we confess it, with some difficulty, obtained a list of the articles. The bill we have had duly translated from Hindostance.

YAMEN (*God of Death*) — In fine copper; very tasteful.

NIRONDI (*King of the Demons*) — In great variety. The giant he rides is of the boldest design, and his sabre of the present style.

VARONIN (*God of the Sun*) — Very spirited. His crocodile in brass, and whip in silver.

COUBEEN (*God of Wealth*) — This god is of the most exquisite workmanship; having stimulated the best powers of the manufacturers.

SMALLER DEMI-GODS, AND MINOR DEMONS IN EVERY VARIETY.

No Credit; and Discount allowed for Ready Money.

Punch.

From the Daily Advertiser.

BRADDOCK'S DEFEAT.

AMONG the many romantic passages of the long conflict which England waged with France for the sovereignty of the western world, there are none more interesting, as there are none better preserved in the popular traditions of America, than those which belong to the unfortunate expedition of General Braddock against Fort Duquesne in 1755.

The story of that hapless march is full of instruction for the soldier, and full of pathos for the poet. For the patriotic student of American history the tale has a still deeper interest. Since it is unquestionably true that in the issue of that expedition the fate of the rebellion which subsequently gave liberty to our country was in a great measure decided.

The colonial cities, ready to burst out into a blaze of festal triumph when the news of victory, so confidently anticipated, should come from the West, were smitten into shame and terror and fear by the tidings of the dreadful disaster which had overtaken the royal army.

But the defeat of the 9th of July, 1755, compelled the colonies to arm in their own defence, and threw them into that war which prepared military material and military experience for the greater contest that was yet to come.

It was a sagacious soldier of the Revolution who observed that the attempt to enforce the authority of Parliament over the colonies, which failed in 1775, would undoubtedly have been successful twenty years before—for "with the partial exception of the people of New England, the Americans were equally destitute of means of defence or skill to use them."

Nor is it a consideration unworthy of notice that the success of General Braddock might have deprived America of him who was the head at once and the right arm of the Republican cause. Attached to the staff of the Commander-in-chief, Major Washington of Virginia was the only colonial gentleman (with the exception of Benjamin Franklin of Pennsylvania) who had attracted the favorable notice of the British General, and there is reason to suppose that had Braddock been victorious, his young aid-de-camp would have secured that advancement and occupation in the royal service which he then ardently desired.

In the tremendous war which the "Great Commoner" urged on to such splendid results for England, the young Virginian, metamorphosed into a British officer, would doubtless have sought opportunities of foreign distinction, and the curious in contingencies can hardly hope to find a richer field of conjectures than that which is here revealed.

As a commentary upon those traits of Brit-

ish official character which have wrought such lamentable results in the present Crimean campaign of the allies, Braddock's expedition acquires an additional immediate interest.

The obstinate prepossessions in favor of military routine which led the Cabinet of George II. to reject the sensible proposals of the astute Halifax, and to insist that a warfare in the American wilderness should be carried on by the troops and the tactics of Europe—the lordly imbecility of Newcastle which delayed beyond all measure the preparations for the campaign, the favoritism which converted the expedition into a "job," and landed the army in Virginia to seek transport and provisions from Pennsylvania, the dogged adherence of the Commander-in-chief to a system of personal exclusiveness which alienated his American officers, and disgusted the Indian allies, and his no less dogged determination to fight, die, and be beaten according to precedent rather than to seek victory in untrodden ways; all these characteristics of the Western expedition of 1755 throw a timely light on the similar characteristics of the Eastern expedition of 1854. The "campaigns of the Duke" were the nightmare of the Newcastle of the 18th century, just as the "Peninsula" has been the incubus of the Newcastle of the 19th. The thing that has been, is again, and the history of nations, no less than of men, demonstrates the truth of Pestalozzi's melancholy proposition that "nobody learns much from any experience but his own."

It is certainly remarkable that America should have waited a century for a full and accurate narrative of an expedition so important in her annals.

Incidental and imperfect accounts we have in sufficient numbers, and Mr. Sparks in the appendix to the second volume of the "Writings of Washington," has given us a sketch of the combat, admirably exact, but necessarily brief. Yet we have to congratulate ourselves now for the first time on the possession of a history of this memorable campaign, which is at once copious, interesting and elaborate.—This gratification we owe to Mr. Winthrop Sargent of Philadelphia. In February, 1854, the Historical Society of Pennsylvania established a publication fund, by the terms of which any person whatever, on the payment of twenty dollars, becomes entitled to receive a copy of all its future publications during his life time. The interest alone of the sum they received (which we are pleased to learn already amounts to four thousand dollars) is to be applied to purposes of publication, in aid of which purposes funds will also be advanced by the Society itself, and derived from the general sale of the works they may issue.

The first fruits of this undertaking, which we cannot too highly commend, and which we

hope to see extended to many other States, now lie before us in the form of a fair octavo of more than four hundred pages, handsomely printed and neatly illustrated with necessary plans and views. This work consists in part of an "Introductory Memoir" from the pen of Mr. Sargent, in which the course of events that led to the expedition against Fort Duquesne is ably set forth, the progress of the expedition clearly and accurately detailed, and the catastrophe painted in colors at once vivid and distinct. In the course of this memoir, Mr. Sargent furnishes us with very interesting details of the character and the manners of the early settlers of the Middle States, and enriches the substance of his narrative with those biographical and anecdotal comments which are so pleasant in the reading that we are apt to forget how "painful" they are in the making. We might take exception sometimes to Mr. Sargent's use of language, and we should be disposed to remonstrate with him on the employment of such very outlandish "servants of his thoughts" as "inignoscible," "satiated" and "alienigenate;" we might join issue with him, too, in respect of certain estimates of character, and we have observed some slight errors in his references to contemporary events. Thus the battle of Culloden was fought not in 1745, but in 1746; the Empress Queen was not the ally but the antagonist of Frederick the Great; and as Franklin was born in 1705 his mind could hardly have been in its "dawning" at the time of Braddock's arrival in 1755.

But considered as a whole this memoir of Mr. Sargent's is a valuable contribution to our historical literature, and we hope that it may be read as extensively as its merits and the interest of its subject deserve.

The memoir is followed by the journals of Capt. Orme, one of the General's aids, and of some naval officers attached to the expedition.

These journals have been edited with care and erudition, and are followed by an appendix full of curious and entertaining matters. A brief but well considered index puts all the contents of the work within easy reference, and completes a volume which we sincerely recommend to our readers, and which is to be regarded, we hope, as only the first of a long and successful series. The necessity of such publications is evident. One can hardly glance over our current literature without seeing how much needed is a more precise and accurate knowledge of the events of our history. It is but the other day that an article appeared in the North American Review, in which the extraordinary statement was made in reference to the subject of this monograph, that Braddock's defeat took place in the "open field," the place of their intended "ambuscade" not having been reached by the French and Indians! This statement, so utterly at variance with the popular tradition on the subject, is equally far removed from the truth of history. Mr. Sargent's narrative only sets forth more clearly what might have been sufficiently demonstrated by Mr. Sparks's account, that M. de Beaujeu never intended to lay an "ambuscade" at all, but only to dispute the passage of a ford, and that the defeat of the Anglo-Americans was due, *immediately* to the fact that their enemies were completely concealed from view in the thickets of a deep and dangerous ravine. Such errors are the fruits of that middle term between popular traditions and minutely authentic information which is the promised land of ingenious hypothesis and plausible conjecture. And it is only by the extensive and thorough prosecution of such researches as those to which the Historical Society of Pennsylvania has so wisely extended its encouragement, that the history of our country can be brought out into the full and perfect day of truth.

"SWEATING THE JESUIT."—In Mr. Soule's letter he says of Mr. Perry's letter, that "this last production of his sweats the Jesuit and the felon all over." It has been supposed that the verb here is a misprint, but it probably is a French use of the metaphor by which in English we might say, "it reeks with Jesuitism." The change is something like that of an intelligent foreigner, who said that Father Taylor preached with a great deal of *ointment*, meaning to use our common phrase of a great deal of "unction."—*Advertiser*.

CHINESE CORPSES.

THE Herald says, the ship *Sunny South* cleared yesterday for China, having on board the

dead bodies of seventy Chinamen. It appears that there is a company of Chinamen in this city doing quite an extensive business, in disinterring and shipping the dead bodies of their countrymen to the order of the relatives of the deceased in China. The cost of the operation is about fifty dollars—a sum willingly expended by the wealthier class of Chinese, who consider it a duty, as well as a privilege, to pay tribute of respect to the remains of deceased relatives.

It is stated, as a curious fact, that the Queen of England is now the temporal monarch of more Roman Catholics than the Pope, and of more Mussulmen than the Porte.

From The New York Times.

MACAULAY AND KIRKE WHITE.

In the *Daily Times* of yesterday, in the remarks on "Misplaced ideas" little more was done than correcting the *Albion's* mistake in attributing to Sidney Smith the paternity of an idea which Macaulay has made popular, but did not create. The originator of the picturesque passage was no doubt Henry Kirke White, but we think that Macaulay did not borrow from him but from Shelley, who it is clear had the lines of White in his mind. We shall trace the progress of the idea, or rather the progress of the wandering artist through the pages of English literature and into a popular reputation—thus commencing with what is generally conceded as his present "local habitation," and conveying him back to that home from which he was kidnapped.

In Macaulay's brilliant review of "Ranke's Ecclesiastical and Political History of the Popes, etc.," the passage alluded to occurs. Tracing the antiquity and strength of the papacy, and marvelling at its continuous "life and youthful vigor," he writes:

"She was great and respected before the Saxons had set foot on Britain—before the Frank had passed the Rhine—when Grecian eloquence still flourished at Antioch—when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Pauls."

This was published in the "Edinburgh Review," October, 1840. So much for Macaulay. Now for Shelley.

In the dedication of Peter Bell the Third, by Miching Mallecho (Percy B. Shelley), to Thomas Brown, Esq. the younger (Tom Moore) author of the "Fudge Family," we have the following passage:

"Hoping that the immortality which you have given to the Fudges, you will receive from them, and in the firm expectation that *when London shall be a habitation of bitterns, when St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey shall stand shapeless and nameless ruins, in the midst of an unpeopled marsh; when the piers of Waterloo Bridge shall become the nuclei of islets, reeds and osiers, and cast the jagged shadows of their broken arches on the solitary stream, some transatlantic commentator will be weighing in the scales of some new and now unimagined system of criticism, the respective merits of the Bells and Fudges, and their historians.*"

This is dated Dec. 1, 1819.

We give not only the parallel passages, but a little of their settings, so to speak, the more fully to confirm our belief that the reviewer fashioned his succinct picture from the more various details of Shelley's composition. In Macaulay we find the idea of Kirke White and the details of Shelley; because in the latter we have the idea and some of the details of White's passage, which we give.

In the series of poetic fragments entitled "Time," and which was begun about 1803, and written on between that period and White's death,

in 1806, we arrive at the birth-home of Macaulay's "Traveller from New Zealand." Shelley's "Transatlantic Commentator," and Kirke White's "Bold Adventurer," all of whom are reducible to the same skeleton, in a variety of disguises, seeking the picturesque under some difficulties, and each persisting in the "ruin" of St. Paul's.

Reviewing the weakness of mortal man, who "idly reasons of eternity," ruminating on the fate of empires of Rome,

"Living but in the tale of other times,"

and

"polished Greece become the seat
Of ignorance and sloth, etc.

the poet, pondering, like Marius amid the ruins, allows his mind to travel into the future; and seeing it through the desolation of the past, his imagination bodies forth the time when Britain shall follow

"Cities numberless;
Tyre, Sidon, Carthage, Babylon and Troy
And rich Phœnicia;"

and when

"Some second Vandal hath reduced her pride,
And with one big recoil hath thrown her back
To primitive barbarity—

* * * * *

O'er her marts,
Her crowded ports, broods Silence, and the cry
Of the loud eurlaw, and the pensive dash
Of distant billows, break along the void;
Even as the savage sits upon the stone
That marks where stood her capitals, and hears
The bitter booming in the woods, he shrinks
From the dismaying solitude."

Thus far Kirke White's parental authority is undeniable; but if even it were slightly doubtful, the annexed quotation on the decline of Albion, the growth of the arts elsewhere, and its effect, is conclusive evidence against Shelley and Macaulay:

"Meanwhile the Arts, in second infancy,
Rise in some distant clime, and then, perchance,
Some bold adventurer, fill'd with golden dreams,
Steering his bark through trackless solitudes,
Where, to his wandering thoughts, no daring
prow

Hath ever plow'd before—espies the cliffs
Of fallen Albion. To that land unknown
He journeys joyful; and perhaps describes
Some vestige of her ancient stateliness;
Then he with vain conjecture fills his mind
Of the unheard-of race, which had arrived
At science in that solitary nook,
Far from the civilized world; and sagely sighs,
And moralizes on the state of man."

TAKING CARE OF AN ORPHAN.

A strange murder was committed at Virginia, eight miles below Auburn. An Indian killed his little nephew, a child three years of age, by cutting his head off with a knife. The reason alleged was that the child had no father or mother to take care of it.